

February
1891

Reminiscences of W. C. Staines.

THE



CONTRIBUTOR.
A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.



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THE CONTRIBUTOR.

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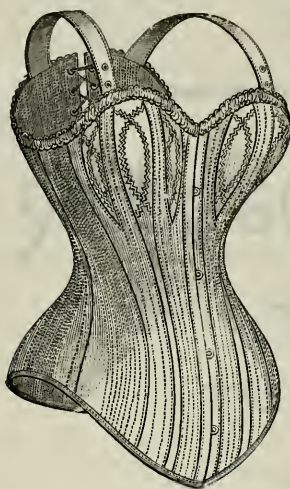
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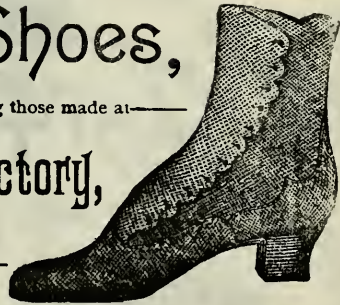
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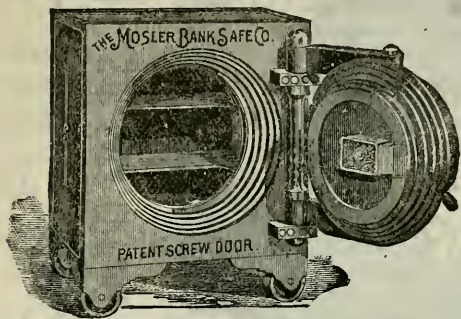
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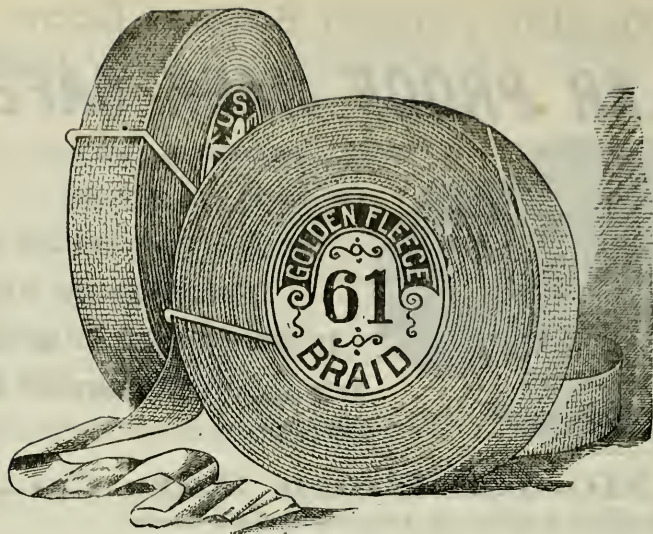
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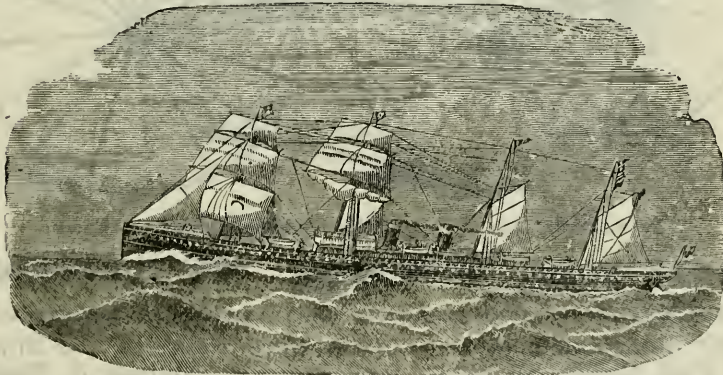
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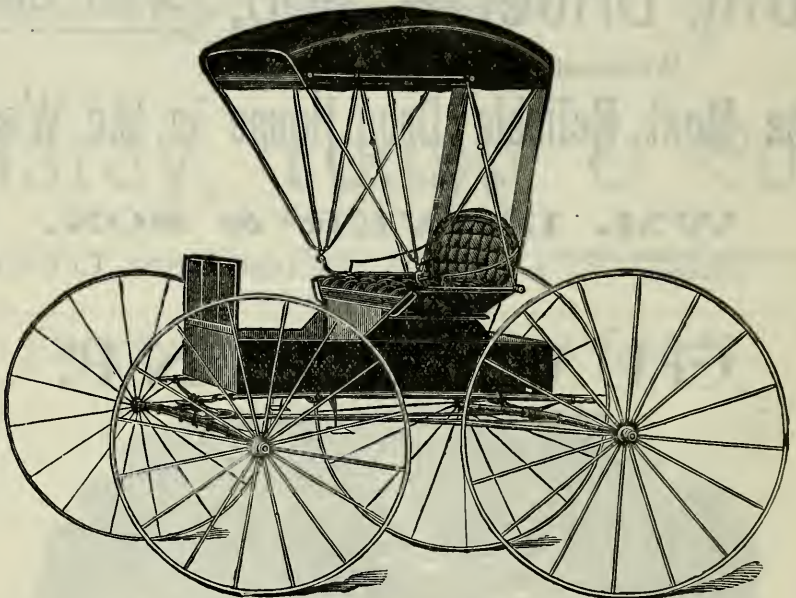
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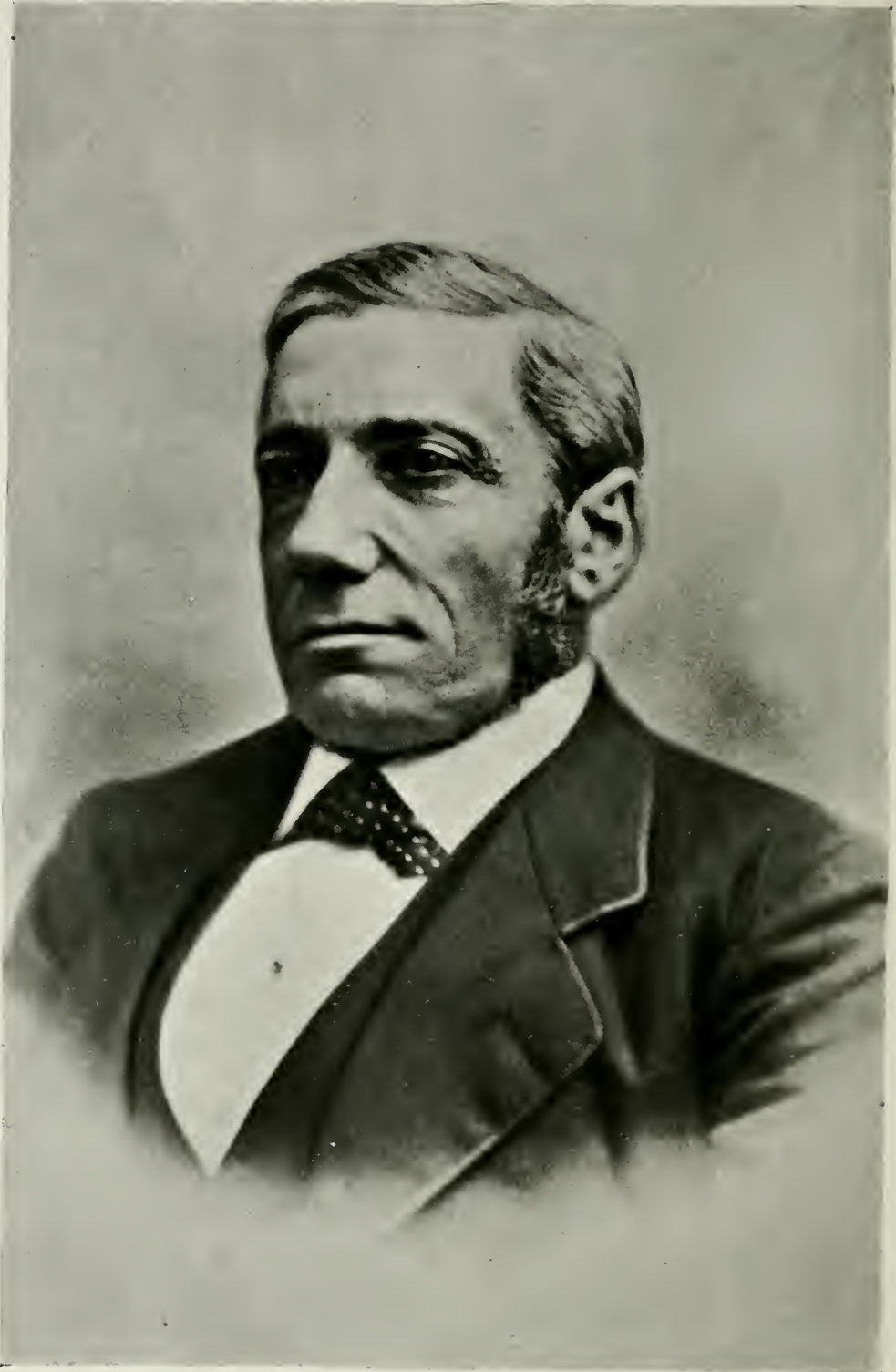
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WM. C. STAINES.

THE CONTRIBUTOR.

VOL. XII.

FEBRUARY, 1891.

No. 4.

REMINISCENCES OF WILLIAM C. STAINES.

AMONG the journals and papers of Elder Staines, which we have been permitted to examine in the preparation of the Church emigration articles, we found several interesting papers partly prepared for publication. These, with scarcely any editorial modification, will be given to our readers under the above heading and they will doubtless be perused with eager interest.—EDITOR.

I.

I was born on the 26th of September, 1818, at Higham Ferrers, Northamptonshire, England. Soon after my parents moved to Beddenham, near Bedford, about forty miles from London. Here I went to school, but did not learn or study as I should, until my parents became discouraged about my ever being a good scholar, in consequence of my indifference to learn. At the age of thirteen years, I fell upon the ice while playing, and injured my spine, which caused my deformity and from which I suffered more or less pain for twenty years. My father regretted very much that I had no desire to learn and improve my mind. But weak as I was, I would rather work with our men in the garden than go to school any day. He told me I would be sorry for it, and I can truly say that I have been sorry ever since; for, had I taken his advice I might have been an educated man.

On the 26th of September, 1841, I first heard of Mormonism by hearing George J. Adams preach. I was convinced it was the true Gospel of Jesus Christ. I heard several of the Saints speak in tongues and prophesy. Soon after this I joined the Church, and when confirmed was promised the gifts and blessings of

tongues, interpretation, healing and prophecy. These I asked for, thinking I could not be a Latter-day Saint without these gifts. I continued to pray without receiving them, when I concluded I would fast as well as pray. I commenced that evening and continued two days and three nights. The third morning while I was pruning raspberry canes and alone in the garden, I commenced to experience a very happy feeling, and the spirit of prophecy rested upon me. I prophesied about the Church in that place, and also of the troubles that the Saints in Zion would encounter by mobs and so forth. No sooner had this spirit left me than I was visited by a very different one, informing me that I had been deceived and had not joined the true church; saying, if I had I should not have been led to speak and prophesy to a lot of raspberry canes, but should have waited until I had met with the Saints, that all might be edified. The spirit darkened my mind considerably for a time, when I concluded I would go into my tool house and pray. I did so, asking the Lord to rebuke this spirit, which he did. I nevertheless felt troubled more or less about the doubts which continued to be in my mind.

A few days after, I was invited to take tea at a friend's house. Apostle Lorenzo Snow was invited, and while there and alone with Brother Snow, I asked him whether a person belonging to the Church could have the spirit of prophecy, in the centre of a forty-acre field, where no one could hear him." He informed me that John had it while on the Isle of Patmos. He then asked me why I asked this question. I told him what had occurred. He said as a proof of its being

from the Lord, some time when in meeting the same spirit would come upon me, and I would repeat the very words I had spoken when in the garden. This I did two Sundays after. This strengthened my faith so much that I have never doubted the truth of the Latter-day work since.

Just before leaving England I visited some friends in Sheffield, and met with Brother R. Rushton, who was on a mission from Nauvoo. He had been asked to visit a brother in the Church who was possessed of a devil. This was the first case of the kind I had heard of being in the Church, and I felt quite anxious to see the party so afflicted. While reflecting about it, Brother Rushton asked me to accompany him, which I cheerfully did, and what transpired I never shall forget. When we entered the room where he was sitting, he looked around and saw Brother Rushton whom he had met before, and with a coarse voice said: "So you have come again in the name of Jesus have you? Well you may come if you have a mind to. I know you came from Nauvoo where you are building a temple to get your endowments and more power. Well, get your power; and the more power you get the more power we'll get." Just as soon as he was through speaking Brother Rushton laid hands on him and rebuked the evil spirits that had possession of him, when the brother called out in a loud voice: "How did you know there was more than one?" Brother Rushton remarked calmly: "You said *we*." The brother then said, "We will go but we will come again." Two days after they did come again, and his wife sent for the President of the branch who was a very good quiet man. A young traveling Elder who had a good deal of confidence in himself, was in at the time the message came and asked the President to let him accompany him and administer to the brother, who at this time was breaking things in his house. When they reached the house they found him very much excited. He quieted a little when they entered, but soon became boisterous again, and they laid hands upon him, this young man

being mouth. No sooner had he rebuked the spirits, commanding them to depart, than he became quiet and wished to lay down. But soon after, and when he appeared asleep, the young Elder said to the parties present, "There, I believed, I could quiet him." He at this time was sitting upon the side of the bed where the afflicted man was lying. The brother no sooner heard this remark than he raised himself up quietly and as soon as he got up, struck this young man such a blow that he was knocked to the other side of the room. This convinced me that the brother had better give the Lord the credit for such manifestations.

I will mention another case of laying on of hands which I think will be interesting to my young brethren. I had often asked the question in my mind why it was that Elders were to be called to lay hands on the sick. Why would not one answer? While in St. Louis I called upon an acquaintance, who was in the Church, and found him quaking with the ague, which he had had for three weeks. He requested me to administer to him, which I did, rebuking the disease in the name of the Lord. I afterwards sat down and asked him how he felt. He informed me that he was healed, that the chill had left him. He had no sooner said this than I commenced to quake with a chill. I told him I had got his complaint and wished him to lay hands on me. He refused saying he had had it for three weeks. This convinced me of the necessity of having two or more to perform the ceremony.

I arrived in Nauvoo, April 12th, 1843. The next day the Prophet Joseph preached to us and blessed us. I had seen him in a vision while crossing the sea; and when I saw him that day he had on the same hat and coat that I saw him in when at sea. I heard him preach a number of times, and saw him in and around the city, giving counsel, and I always believed in him from my first seeing him until his death; that he was the leader of this dispensation and God Almighty's Prophet. I worked in the Temple while it was being plastered, having charge of the fires; received my endowments in January,

1846, and left Nauvoo on the fifth of February, 1846, with the first company that crossed the river, driving a team in Charles Shumway's company.

I was six months with the Ponca Indians in the winter of 1846, and eighteen weeks without bread or vegetables of any kind. During this time I suffered with the scurvy, having all my right side covered with boils from the size of a pea to a hazel nut, and so close that they touched each other. While these were gathering I suffered much pain, and when they had broken and the scabs got hard, I suffered with the most terrible itching, and when sufficiently healed I would go into some ravine on a sunny day, strip off my clothes, and with a flat stick scrape off the scabs, at times in sufficient quantities to fill a quart measure or more. This to me was a great pleasure, and I often thought that if Job felt as well as I did while performing a like operation, there was no need of sympathy, he having the advantage over me in having a potsherd, which was much better for the purpose than my stick. My stay with these Indians was a very interesting and instructive one, for it taught me many lessons. I found the Lord was there to hear my prayers, and notwithstanding my afflictions, I had sufficient strength to my day.

I reached this Salt Lake Valley September 15th, 1847, and was appointed to take charge of the endowment rooms in the Council House in January, 1851. I commenced giving endowments February 28th, 1851, and continued in charge until I was called to go on a mission to England in December, 1860, where I stayed until 1863.

While upon this mission I received a testimony of the Book of Mormon. I was speaking to a large congregation, bearing my testimony to the truth of the Gospel, when I lifted up the Book of Mormon saying: "I *know* that this book I hold in my hand—the Book of Mormon—was translated by the power of God through Joseph Smith, and will go to every nation, kindred, tongue and people, as a testimony of the truth of the Gospel." This was the first testimony I had ever had of its truth.

On the Tuesday morning following, about six o'clock, while I was reading the third chapter of the Second Book of Nephi, I felt a remarkably happy feeling come over me, such as no one can explain but those who experience it. Immediately the following was given to me: "Thus saith the Lord unto you, my servant. I was well pleased with your testimony concerning the book you now hold in your hand called the Book of Mormon, for it was given unto you by the gift of faith. Now will I give it unto you by the power of my Spirit. Thus saith the Lord unto you my servant: That book you hold in your hand called the Book of Mormon was translated from plates by the power of my Spirit through Joseph Smith, and shall be a testimony to every nation, kingdom, tongue and people upon the earth, and cursed be those who obey not the same; thus says your Lord and your Redeemer! Amen."

While these words were passing through my mind I fancied I saw the plates, and as soon as I said amen, (for I was speaking these words aloud) everything passed from my mind as though I had never spoken, but this heavenly feeling continued. I should think I remained in this state about a minute, when I commenced to speak again saying the same words as before. This I never forgot. I had often wondered how it could be possible for the Prophet Joseph to need the visitation of an angel three times telling him the same thing every time. I had thought that if an angel was to visit me and tell me as much once, I never would forget it. Here I was convinced of my error.

THE "ALEXANDRIA."

In ancient days there seems to have been built a great war vessel by Archimedes for Hieron, the King of Syracuse, which must have been unsafe as it was ambitious and extravagant. It was not only a fighting ship, but it possessed even more splendor than the most sumptuous American steam-boat. Being the work of Archimedes, it was, of course, replete with curious and ingenious mechanical contrivances. Its interior

arrangements, with which we are now chiefly concerned, have been thus described: "The middle deck had on each side of it fifteen apartments for dining, each furnished with four couches, such as they used to lie on at their meals; and on the same deck was also the place for the accommodation of the mariners, whereon were fifteen couches, and three large chambers for men and their wives, each having three beds, next which was the kitchen for the poop, the floors of all which were paved with mosaic-work, wherein was represented the whole story of the Iliad, and suitable to so rich a floor was the workmanship of the ceiling and door to each apartment. On the upper deck was a place for exercise, and a fine walk, wherein were several garden-plots furnished with plants of all kinds, which were watered by leaden pipes laid to them from a great receptacle of fresh water; where there were also several arbors of ivy and vines set in hogsheads of earth, whose roots were watered in like manner as the plants." Were ever mariners so well housed and circumstanced as these? This brief extract from the description of the ship

gives but a faint idea of its glories. There were cabins for the marine soldiers (they had marines in those far-distant days), and "twenty stables for horses" (horse-marines also were apparently not unknown), and in the fore-castle (what a glorious fore-castle it must have been!) "was a receptacle for fresh water, made of planks, well lined with cloth and pitch, which held two hundred and fifty-three hogsheads; and near that was a well, lined with sheet lead, which, being kept full of sea water nourished great numbers of fish."

This ship was too big for the shallow harbor of Syracuse, so Hieron sent her as a present to Ptolemy surnamed Philopator, King of the Egyptians, and her name was changed from *Syracuse* to *Alexandria*.

The luxury of marine life is illustrated in this palace, with its bath, its sleeping-rooms, its couches, its banquet halls with all the devices that could be invented by the pleasure loving, sensuous Greeks. It was all in keeping with the soft airs and smooth waters that kissed the purple hills of the Mediterranean and Ionian seas.

Harpers Weekly

THE TREASURES OF JEREMIAH STOKER.

THE red and gold of autumn had painted the maple and the birch, and colored the undergrowth on the low hills near Patricktown. October was well advanced, and the farmers in this sparsely settled district of Maine had garnered their grain, and were preparing for the stormy winter that invariably followed a sunshiny October. The month had wasted nearly twenty days, and the evening shades foretold the closing of one more, as along the lonely country road a burden-laden traveler, dust-stained and weary, plodded towards the town. He was a middle-aged man, sandy haired and blue eyed, clean shaven and round featured. There was a merry look on his face and a twinkle in his deep set eyes. He was low of stature and broad shouldered, and his frame was strong and

well knit. Tramping in the fresh pine-perfumed air had quickened his life blood. On his back he carried a well filled pack, and in one hand a small carpet-bag.

There was much speculation among the country folk about this same carpet-bag. Jeremiah Stoker had been a peddler for the last fifteen years, and had been very successful. He always had a plentiful supply of money with him; and many people avowed that in the little carpet-bag there were greenbacks galore, enough to satisfy any modest man. Others said that he always left his money with a sister, his only relative, who lived in the southern part of the state, and that she, very judiciously, loaned it at a heavy rate of interest to the impecunious farmers. There were many speculations regarding the little bag, but no one could

positively say what the contents were. The little peddler was communicative enough on everything else, but on that subject he was silent. Many of the inquisitive New England matrons asked him outright, but he either parried the question or refused to answer. One, however, remembered that the moisture gathered in his merry eyes, and his voice was a little husky as he said: "Memories of the past."

How anxiously the children waited for the visits of Jerry Stoker! What marvelous stories he told them of fairies, pigmies and giants! What a wealth of toys and goodies were always to be found in his capacious pockets! And the older people too, how they marveled at his wonderful tales of adventures; his thrilling and hair-breadth escapes, and his humorous anecdotes! Jerry's heart was as big as himself. No unfortunate asked of him in vain. Many times he watched, night after night, by the bed of the dying, and smoothed their pathway to the realm of eternal light. The widow and the fatherless blessed him; and one poor paralytic, crawling between heaven and earth, waited and watched more eagerly for his coming than for a summons to a happier land.

Jerry watched the coming of the night shadows and accelerated his pace. Not far distant he could see the outlines of a farm house. He knew the place well. It was about a mile from Patricktown and was owned by two brothers—Dick and Harry Watts. They were unmarried and employed an old deaf woman to keep house for them. They entertained travelers, and it was said, sold illicit whiskey. The house was a rambling old frame structure. The back part was used for a wagon shed. The loft above the wagon shed communicated with the house and was empty. Jerry knocked at the back door and after a summons of "Come in," from a gruff voice inside, entered. He found the two brothers eating supper and the old woman frying pan cakes on the cook stove.

"Can I get supper and a night's lodging?" inquired Jerry.

"I guess so," said Dick, the older of

the two, whose face was disfigured by a long scar on the side of the face, running from forehead to jaw. He arose from the table and led the way into a small bedroom.

"Leave your traps here and come out and eat," he said and returned to the table.

Jerry carefully deposited his pack near the bed, washed the dust stains off and went to supper. The brothers were more sociable than Jerry thought they could be. They seemed especially interested in Jerry's business and were pleased that his trip so far had been successful.

About nine o'clock Jerry retired, leaving the brothers sitting by the kitchen fire. Jerry slept soundly until shortly after midnight when he awoke with a feeling akin to terror. Was someone in the room? He listened with all his senses keenly alert. The hum of voices reached his ear. He got out of bed crept to the door and listened.

"I tell you he has got it with him, and now is our only chance." It was the scarred one that spoke.

"Well, all right I'll help get it, but I don't want murder on my soul," was the answer.

Jerry waited to hear no more, but noiselessly got into his clothes, gathered his pack, opened the window and crawled out into the night. He fled from the place as if a legion of fiends were after him. Just as he reached the gate he heard footsteps in pursuit; they gained upon him. His pack prevented his flight. He endeavored to slip the strap over his head, stumbled on the broken ground and fell. As he arose a crushing blow on the head felled him again to earth, and for him all was blank.

"You've killed him."

"Shut up you fool; we will carry him into the house. If he doesn't come to, we'll stick him in the loft. Never mind his pack, bring the carpet bag."

* * * * *

I approached the house with some misgivings. Night was coming on and the clouds portended a heavy snow. My horse was tired out, so I had decided to stop. I dismounted and knocked at the

door, holding my horse's bridle in my hand. It was opened cautiously by the scarred brother.

"Can I get food and shelter for myself and horse?" I asked.

The door was partly closed, and a hurried consultation took place inside. The man with the scar came back to the door.

"Guess we can accommodate you. Come in. Harry take his horse."

I went inside. An old woman was preparing supper, muttering and mumbling inaudible sentences during the operation. After a light supper I was shown into a little bedroom and told that there was where I would pass the night. I was not impressed with the surroundings. The bed was a large four-poster—very uninviting; and the appearance of the room unattractive. The plaster was knocked off in many places, and the walls were dirty; the floor had large cracks in it, and air came circling up from some damp, underground compartment. There was an unpleasant odor about the room that made me feel uncomfortable. A wood fire had been lit in the old-fashioned chimney place and imparted some comfort to the room. I sat down on a rickety chair near the fire. On the mantel a tallow dip candle spluttered and blinked threatening to go out every time the wind whistled through the cracks in the window. I burned every stick of wood before venturing to retire, but at last I crept into the ill-smelling, uncomfortable bed. Just as I was getting into bed I noticed a small carpet-bag partly under the bed; and every time I tried to sleep the carpet-bag would come before my eyes and prevent it. I could not forget it. I wondered to whom it could belong. Perhaps some traveler had met with foul play here, aye, even in this very room; perhaps—but I checked myself and began thinking of something more pleasant. Finally, after watching the flickering, fantastic shadows on the wall, cast by the dying embers on the hearth, until my eyelids could no longer wag, I went to sleep. My sleep was light and fitful. I was awakened by a stifled groan. I opened my eyes

and stared into the darkness. The fire was out and all was still. No—drip—what was that? Drip—could it be raining? I looked out into the night through the little murky window; the stars were shining through a rift in the clouds. Drip. What could that be? A cold sweat began to break out all over me—drip. Fear took possession of me! I shook the feeling off. I must find out the meaning of it. I got out of bed. I slipped on my pants, coat and shoes. All the while the steady drip, drip continued. I hurriedly struck a light, and looked about. Everything was the same as when I went to bed—drip, drip—except that dark stain near the bed. I went up to it and stooped to examine it. O horror, it was blood! It must come from the ceiling. I held the candle high above my head and looked up. Then I almost shrieked aloud in terror. A feeling of deathly fear came over me. What was this I gazed at? A tangled mass of hair with blood dripping from it and running in little rivulets down the forehead past the two staring awful eyes, and through it all the semblance of a ghastly human face. The eyes never winked as I held the candle up, but stared fixedly into my own. The mouth tried to articulate, but only a broken sound came forth. It took several minutes for me to force myself to act. Then I got upon a chair, tore off some of the laths, until there was room for the passage of a body, and slowly drew the body through the opening. It was a trying task, but after repeated efforts I got it upon my shoulders and stepped down off the chair. I placed the body on the floor, jerked from the bed a pillow and a comforter, and put them under it. Then I took the towel and washed the blood stains from the face and hair. When it was done I recognized Jerry, the peddler. I forced some brandy down him, and worked over him for some time. When he had revived I spoke to him:

"Jerry, don't you know me?"

"I remember, I remember you. Thank God you have found me. Oh! I have been cruelly hurt. I cannot live."

"O, yes, you can, old friend," I said.

"No, no. What day is it?" he asked.
 "It is nearly Friday morning."

"Two days in that hole—" he faltered. I gave him some more brandy. Then weakly and with difficulty he told me his story; how he had been thrown into the loft and had laid in a stupor until the night before; and that he had groped around in the darkness until he was attracted by the firelight flickering through the broken lath and plaster; how he had made his way to the hole and there lay until I found him. When he got through I felt his pulse. It was very weak and his wound was bleeding freely. I offered him some more brandy.

"No—no. I'll not take any more—'tis useless."

"I must go at once for a doctor, Jerry," I hurriedly said.

"No—no—don't leave me," he said, clinging to my hand, "I can't live. My car-p-e-t—b-a-g."

I instantly remembered and brought the little carpet-bag from under the bed. His face lit up with a smile as I handed it to him and he clasped it with both hands.

"Thank you," he said very faintly. He hugged the little bag close to his breast.

"Molly, M-o-l-l-y."

The death rattle sounded in his throat. He had yielded the ghost.

I was still kneeling by his side, overcome with feelings of grief, when I felt both arms gripped and a gruff voice say:

"Not a move or you'll be where the peddlers' gone."

I felt the cold muzzle of a revolver against my forehead and did as commanded. They went through my pockets and took all my money and my watch.

"This beats the peddler's pile," said the scarred brother.

They then bound me to the bed post with strong cord and left the room. Outside one of them said, "What shall we do with the old woman?"

"Nail her in her room; then we get out for the border." Their footsteps died out in the distance. Presently I heard a hammering. After that a clatter of hoofs past the house and then all was silent. The candle was still burning. After they went, I looked around the room. Poor

Jerry lay stretched out with staring eyes. The candle flickered and spluttered, casting shadows over the barren room. I tried to look elsewhere, but my gaze always wandered back to where the dead man lay.

The candle flickered and went out. I took no notice of it for a while. Suddenly I heard strange sounds throughout the house, creakings and muffled footfalls. The wind probably whistling through the crevasses and cracks. It made me feel very uncomfortable. I looked fascinatedly at the dead man. I could see, by the light from the window, the dim outline of his form, and the ghastly face and the eyes staring—staring. Fear fed on fear until I almost screamed with horror. I think if my will had not forced my thoughts back to reason I should have gone mad. I passed the remainder of the night, alternately praying and talking to myself. When day broke I felt to thank God! Still, there was no relief. The cords cut my wrists cruelly. At intervals I heard a muffled beating. I divined that the old woman was trying to get out. A rat stole carefully towards Jerry's body. I cried out and it ran back into its hole only to reappear at intervals; but by yells and shrieks I kept it from his body. About noon it began to snow. Even if succor came, there was no chance to catch the murderers. No one dare venture far in such a storm.

I heard a sound outside. The old woman must have broken the fastenings. A moment later the door was pushed open and she stuck her head in. She caught a glimpse of Jerry's body and ran howling from the room. I called to her in vain. Nearly an hour passed before I heard voices in the kitchen; men stamping the snow off their feet. They soon came into the room, the old woman in the rear peeping expectantly and curiously around. They cut the cords that bound me, which was a pleasant relief. I briefly told them what had happened. They left the room to find a stretcher. I stooped and closed Jerry's eyelids, then picked up the little carpet bag and opened it. I was curious to know its contents.

They were few. A package of letters tied with blue ribbon, the daguerreotype of a pretty girlish face, and a pair of baby shoes!

Alas! Sad memories of the past!

Poor Jerry!

Ken Denys.

WHERE TO PUT A STAMP ON A LETTER.

—It has become a custom which all thoughtful persons always observe, to place the stamp on the upper right-hand corner of the envelope, but few people have ever stopped to think what was the reason for this choice of position. The canceling stamp and the postmarking stamp are fastened side by side upon the same handle, and if the stamp is correctly placed one blow makes both impressions. If, however, the stamp is on the lower right-hand corner the postmark falls on the address, and both are illegible, while if the stamp is on the left-hand side, the postmark, which is always at the left of the canceler, does not strike the envelope at all, and a second blow is necessary to secure it. So, if the stamp is anywhere except in the upper right-hand corner, it makes just twice as much work for the clerk, and this, where he is stamping many thousand pieces every day is no small matter. There has been in use for some time, in the post-office in Boston, a number of canceling machines, into which the letters, all faced upwards,

are fed. These machines, if the stamps are correctly placed, do the work quite well, leaving on the envelope the row of long black lines which we all have noticed on Boston letters.

I am not able to learn, however, that there is any other office in the country, as yet, which uses these. The Boston office has also, quite recently, put in operation a most ingenious machine for canceling and postmarking postal cards, which differs from the other in the greater rapidity of its work. Two hundred cards can be placed in it at once, a crank is turned, and click, click! they fall into a basket all stamped.—*St Nicholas.*

Finland, the north-western province of Russia, is a country seven hundred miles long and on an average two hundred miles wide, embracing an area nearly one and a fourth times that of the British Isles. It has a commerce of considerable importance, several interesting towns, a university enrolling seventeen hundred students annually, a hardy, thrifty peasant population, and scenery peculiarly and characteristically its own. And yet there is perhaps no civilized country of equal importance about which Americans know so little. Two very interesting articles on Finland appear in the February number of Harper's Magazine. Both are copiously illustrated.

THE CHRISTIAN'S SUPPORT.

The bow of God's mercy is spanning death's river,

With a halo luminous, bright!

While enthroned far above, in glory forever,

He sits, who commanded the light.

With quiet composure, Faith looks o'er the valley,

His clear shining footsteps have trod;

On His word reposing, disarming its terrors,

Beholds the fair City of God.

Mighty science, tho' piercing mysterious darkness,

Yet fails to lead on to this goal;

Reaching backward, or down 'neath ocean's bed fathoms,

Ne'er answers this question of soul.

Great nature alone fails to solve this dread problem,

Tho' its secret chambers we probe;

By its light only, this want is unanswered,

And were but a dark weary load,

Did not this assurance of Truth's revelation,

No sophistry ever can dim,

"That He ever liveth"—our risen Redeemer—

And we shall live also in Him.

Death is the gateway—an entrance to rest,

We but cross its narrow divide;

To awake in His likeness, to reign with the blest,

Where soul wants are all satisfied.

L. M. Hewlings.

LIFE AND LABORS OF ORSON PRATT.

AFTER the Prophet and Patriarch had been cruelly murdered by a mob at Carthage Jail, Apostle Pratt remained in Nauvoo, where he labored with the Twelve Apostles in the management of the affairs of the church, during the difficulties that succeeded the death of the Prophet and Patriarch. In the latter part of the year 1844, he entered into celestial marriage, having two wives sealed to him by President Brigham Young, who now, with the Twelve Apostles, held the highest authority in the Church, holding the right, as did the Prophet, to administer in all its ordinances.

The following year, in the summer of 1845, he was called to preside over the branches of the Church in the Eastern and Middle States. About this time mob violence again began to assert itself against the Saints in Illinois, and Elder Pratt issued two proclamations from New York to the Saints throughout his mission, in which he announced the end of American liberty, as indicated in the movement to expel the Saints from Illinois, enumerated their sufferings and fervently appealed to all connected with the Church in those parts, to gather out and assist in the defense of their brethren and sisters, and in relieving their sufferings.

In November, 1845, he issued his farewell message in those parts, prior to taking his departure for Nauvoo to join the Saints in their removal westward. On his return he received some property that had fallen to his wife Sarah, and with this means he purchased a carriage and a span of horses, with which he journeyed to Nauvoo, where he arrived sometime in December, having been absent on this mission about six months.

During the latter part of December, 1845, and in January, 1846, the Nauvoo Temple being sufficiently finished, he worked with the Twelve and other brethren and sisters, giving endowments and doing work for the dead. The mobs did not cease their violence, nor did they seem satisfied in wreaking their vengeance on innocent men whom they had cruelly butchered, but they were determined on

driving the Saints from their comfortable homes into a cold bleak wilderness.

The exodus from Nauvoo commenced in the fore part of February, 1846. Elder Pratt and family, consisting of four wives and three small children—the youngest a babe only three weeks old—bade adieu to their comfortable home in the city of Nauvoo and started for the great west. This was on February 14th, 1846. They crossed the Mississippi river and immediately proceeded to the encampment on Sugar Creek, where they found the camp suffering considerably from the storm and cold. They remained encamped at this place for a number of days. President Young and the most of the Twelve had arrived with their wagons and the camp at this time had greatly enlarged. In the meantime they were visited by several snow storms and the weather became intensely cold, the thermometer, according to Orson Pratt's notes, ranging as follows:

February, 26th,	at	6 p. m.	10°	above zero.
"	"	27th, " 6 a. m.	5°	" "
"	"	" 6 p. m.	21°	" "
"	"	28th, " midnight	21°	" "
"	"	" 6 a. m.	20°	" "
"	"	" noon	41°	" "
"	"	" 6 p. m.	26°	" "

The Mississippi froze over and the ice soon became sufficiently firm for the crossing of teams, which brought over the rest of the camp.

"During our stay at Sugar Creek," says Orson Pratt's notes, "I obtained by means of a quadrant and an artificial horizon of quicksilver, a meridian observation of the sun from which I deduced the latitude of the camp and found the same 40°32'. By a number of observations with the quadrant, I had previously ascertained the latitude and longitude of the Temple at Nauvoo; the latitude being 40° 35' 48'', the longitude 91° 10' 45''. A quadrant, however, is a very imperfect instrument for determining the longitude, as an error of one minute (1') in the instrument itself, or in the observation, would produce in the calculated longitude an error of thirty miles. It is a misfortune that we have

no sextant in the camp; neither a telescope of sufficient power to observe the immersions and emersions of Jupiter's satellites."

"March 1. This afternoon the general camp moved about five miles to the northwest, and after scraping away the snow we pitched our tents and, building large fires, soon found ourselves as comfortable as circumstances would permit. This evening, the sky being clear, I obtained the altitude of the North Polar Star, from which the latitude of the camp was ascertained to be $40^{\circ} 34' 52''$; the thermometer standing at midnight at 28° "

At this place there had been obtained a job of making rails for corn by members of the camp who had arrived a few days before, by which means food was obtained for their animals. Two gentlemen from the interior of Iowa, who had been seen a few days before at the last encampment, visited this place for the purpose of trying to trade for Elder Pratt's dwelling house and the lot on which it stood, and a lot adjoining it on the south. This property being in a business part of the city, and adjoining the Temple square on the north, was considered one of the most beautiful and pleasant in Nauvoo. Before the decree of banishment was issued against the Saints by their persecutors, it was considered to be worth two thousand dollars. But now the owner was compelled to leave it unsold or take the small sum of three hundred dollars, and receive payment therefor, property at a very high price. These gentlemen offered four yoke of oxen with yokes and three chains, one wagon and eight barrels of flour. The next morning the camp moved on and Elder Pratt rode ahead on horseback to Farmington and saw the stock the gentlemen wished to trade him for his Nauvoo property, but nothing was determined on conclusively that day. He overtook the camp on the east bank of the Des Moines river, four miles below Farmington. By an observation of the Pole Star he determined the latitude to be $40^{\circ} 35' 51''$.

"March 3. At 7 a. m. the thermometer

stood at 23° . The camp moved forward, following up the general course of the river, and encamped four miles above Farmington. A meridian observation of Sirius determined the latitude to be $40^{\circ} 42' 26''$."

"March 4. At 8 a. m. thermometer stood at 43° . The roads being muddy and some wagons and harness being broken, the camp remained until next day. Elder Pratt concluded the bargain for his house and lot and gave deeds for the same. By the request of the citizens of Farmington, the band of music from the camp visited them and gave them a concert, much to their satisfaction. Bishop Miller, with a portion of the camp, moved onward in a westerly direction."

"March 5. To-day the most of the camp moved forward, fording the Des Moines river at Bonaparte Mills. The roads being very muddy some of the teams were unable to draw their loads. The most of the camp proceeded about twelve miles and encamped on Indian Creek; the remainder encamped about seven miles back. By an observation of the Pole Star the latitude of the encampment on Indian Creek showed $40^{\circ} 42' 51''$."

March 6th, at 7 a. m. the thermometer stood at 35° . The camp here waited until the wagons, which were obliged to stop seven miles back, came up. P. P. Pratt and some others moved on for the purpose of trying to find some employment which was supposed, from reports, could be obtained. The next morning at seven o'clock—thermometer 32° —Orson Pratt and wagons started with the expectation of stopping a few miles ahead, and working on the job which he supposed could be secured. After arriving in the neighborhood he found it could not be obtained on sufficiently favorable terms, and that his brother, P. P. Pratt's company and other wagons, had gone on. They drove twelve miles farther and stopped at Bishop Miller's encampment at Fox River. In this region a small branch of the Church was located. Some corn was contributed by them for the benefit of the camp, and Bishop Miller had exerted himself in gathering

it together at the camping place. The main body of the Saints located within three miles of them, and the next day Presidents Young and Kimball visited Orson Pratt at his tent, and said they expected to start with the main camp on the tenth instant, and desired that Elder Pratt should start the same day. They then returned to their company three miles back. Bishop Miller and P. P. Pratt started with their companies this morning.

On March 8th Orson Pratt spent part of the day in hunting, but was unable to kill anything except some small game. The weather was warm and pleasant, the thermometer at sunrise standing at 32° . By a meridian observation of Sirius he ascertained the latitude of the camp to be $40^{\circ} 42' 56''$.

On March 10th Elder Orson Pratt, with his company, moved on in the rain about ten miles, and encamped about two miles north of Bloomfield, on the north side of Fox River. They remained at this place about ten days, waiting for the main camp which was detained by bad roads about thirteen miles back. The camp at this place became somewhat scattered on account of many having engaged work to obtain food for both themselves and teams. Here they exchanged their horses for oxen, as the latter would endure the journey much better than horses.

The next morning—Friday, the twentieth of March—at 6:30, the thermometer stood 10° below the freezing point. The main camp having come up, they proceeded on their journey about ten miles and pitched their tents for the night. On the twenty-first, at sunrise, the thermometer stood 21° . Feeling anxious to overtake Parley P. Pratt's company, Orson Pratt made an early start, traveled about twenty miles and encamped on the west bank of the Chariton river, the main camp being still behind. On the twenty-second, the day being rainy and unpleasant, the camp moved only seven miles. The next day they traveled through the rain and deep mud, about six miles, and encamped on the west branch of Shoal Creek.

The heavy rains having rendered the prairies impassable, the several camps became very much separated from each other, and they were compelled to remain as they were for some two or three weeks, during which time their animals were fed upon the limbs and bark of trees, for the grass had not yet started, and they were a number of miles from any inhabited country, and therefore, it was very inconvenient to send for grain. The heavy rains and snows, together with the frosty night, rendered their situation very uncomfortable.

March 25. Orson Pratt went out hunting, but was unable to kill anything but a wild turkey. The next day he visited President Young and the main camp, about fifteen miles east, where a council was held with the Twelve and the general officers respecting a more perfect organization; after which Orson Pratt returned seven miles and stayed all night with his brother Parley. On the 27th, President Brigham Young and council met at Shoal Creek and completed the organization of the camp by appointing captains over hundreds, over fifties, and over tens, and over all these, a president and counselors, together with other necessary officers. After the council Orson Pratt returned to his own company.

Tuesday 31st. The day being pleasant an observation for the true time was obtained. The latitude of Orson Pratt's portion of the camp, on the west branch of Shoal Creek, was ascertained to be $40^{\circ} 40' 7''$; longitude, by lunar distance, $92^{\circ} 59' 15''$.

The following is from the private journal of Orson Pratt:

"Sunday, April 5. A portion of our camp met together, to offer up our sacrament to the Most High. After a few remarks by myself and Bishop Miller, we proceeded to break bread, and administer in the holy ordinance of the Lord's supper. At 6 o'clock in the evening, we met with captains of companies to make some arrangements for sending twelve or fourteen miles to the settlement for corn to sustain our animals."

"Monday 6th. This morning, at the

usual hour of prayer, we bowed before the Lord with thankful hearts, it being just sixteen years since the organization of the Church, and we were truly grateful for the many manifestations of the goodness of God towards us as a people. The weather is still wet and rainy. Nine or ten wagons, with four yoke of oxen each, have started this morning for the settlements to obtain corn. In the evening we were visited by a heavy thunder storm, accompanied by a high wind and hail. Most of the tents, which were pitched upon high ground, were blown down, and the inmates exposed to the fury of the storm. The water in Shoal Creek arose in a very few minutes several feet in height, and threatened to overflow its banks and disturb our tents.

"Tuesday 7th. This morning the mud was somewhat frozen; the thermometer standing at 29°. The day is rainy and disagreeably wet, and the mud very deep."

"Wednesday 8th. Our teams which were sent three days ago after corn returned, the most of them empty, and we find it very difficult to sustain our animals,"

"Thursday 9th. After remaining here about three weeks, we concluded to move on slowly. The rain poured down in torrents. With great exertion a part of the camp were enabled to get about six miles, while others were stuck fast in the deep mud. We encamped at a point of timber about sunset, after being drenched several hours in rain. The mud and water in and around our tents were ankle deep, and the rain still continued to pour down without any cessation. We were obliged to cut brush and limbs of trees, and throw them upon the ground in our tents, to keep our beds from sinking in the mire. Those who were unable to reach the timber, suffered much on account of cold, having no fuel for fires. Our animals were turned loose to look out for themselves; the bark and limbs of trees were their principal food."

"Saturday 11th. During the night the mud froze hard. To any but Saints, our circumstances would have been very discouraging, for it seemed to be with the

greatest difficulty that we could preserve our animals from actual starvation, and we were obliged to send off several days' journey to the Missouri settlements on the south to procure grain. Many of the people were nearly destitute of food, and many women and children suffered much from exposure to the inclemency of the weather, and from the lack of the necessaries of life, such as they were in former times accustomed to enjoy. But in the midst of all these temporal afflictions, the Saints were comforted in anticipation of better days; they looked forward to the time when these light afflictions would cease, and when they would have the privilege of sitting under their own vine and fig trees, with none to molest them or make them afraid. They were willing to endure hardships and privations, for the sake of escaping the unrelenting persecutions of Gentile Christians, from whom they had received for many years nothing but cruelty and the most heart-rendering oppression. Their desire was to establish themselves in some lonely valley of the mountains, in some sequestered spot, where they and their children could worship God and obey His voice, and prepare themselves for the glory which is to be revealed at the revelation of Jesus Christ. With these glorious anticipations, cheerfulness and joy seemed to animate every countenance, and sufferings were endured without murmuring. The Twelve and others of the authorities met in council, and determined to leave the settlements still further on our left, and launch forth upon the broad prairies on the northwest, which were for hundreds of miles entirely uninhabited."

"Monday 13th. The weather is yet cold; the thermometer standing, at six o'clock in the morning, at 3° below the freezing point. Our wagons which were sent after corn returned, and after feeding our half-famished cattle and horses, we resumed our journey. Our teams were so weak, and the roads so bad, we were unable to proceed more than about six miles."

"Tuesday 14th. We moved forward about one mile and encamped. Some

scanty feed began to make its appearance in the wettest portions of the prairie, but the nights were still too cold for the grass."

"Thursday 16th. We proceeded a few miles farther, and arrived in a very pleasant grove, which we called Paradise, in latitude 40° 44' 7". About one mile to the south, we found the grass very good. Here we stopped several days, a portion of the camp being about one mile north, at a place which they named Pleasant Point."

"Wednesday 22nd. We continued our journey about eight miles, and encamped over night. Rattlesnakes were quite plentiful; numbers were seen in various places about our camp; some of our animals were badly poisoned, but the most of them were cured, some in one way and some in another."

"Friday 24th. Yesterday we traveled about eight miles, to-day, six miles. We came to a place which we named Garden Grove. At this point we determined to form a small settlement and open farms for the benefit of the poor, and such as were unable at present to pursue their journey farther, and also for the benefit of the poor who were yet behind."

Milando Pratt.

—•—
 WITHIN AN ACE.

I NEVER put my foot in a cage or bucket to go down a mine, without a feeling of faintness coming over me.

I was mining at Silver Cliff, Colorado. My shaft was thirty-six feet into the mountain. I had but one man employed, and he was a green hand. His work was to lower me in the bucket, when I put in the shots of powder, and to haul up the ore after the explosion. When the shots were tamped, and the fuse lighted, he hauled me to the surface.

As a precaution, in case of the windlass breaking, I placed a ladder in the shaft, but so heavy were the shots that the rungs, with the exception of two at the top, had been blown out, and the ladder was removed.

The windlass was aged and very rickety.

The last day Higgins worked for me, I was lowered to the bottom of the shaft amidst the creaking of the windlass, and the tune of "Champagne Charlie." Higgins was red headed and rank of growth, but proud of his lineage. He did things with the air of a prestidigitator.

I put in two heavy shots of giant powder, tamped them well, lighted the fuse, placed my foot in the bucket, gave the order to haul away, and was drawn towards the mouth of the shaft with 'Champagne Charlie' still floating from the lips of my Titan.

When half-way up, the bucket stopped, and "Champagne Charlie" suddenly ceased. I looked up. The rope had wound around the windlass where it fits in the curbing.

Before I could shout to Higgins to hold the handle, while I climbed the rope, he began to lower me.

"For Heaven's sake! Haul me up quick, it's certain death here!"

There was a strain on the rope, the bucket went down rapidly for a few feet, stopped, then started up again, everything apparently all right. Suddenly I felt a check, a sudden wrench on the windlass, and then a crash! I think for one brief moment my heart ceased to beat.

I dropped eighteen feet, to the bottom of the shaft, and had scarcely struck before the windlass, rope and all came down on top of me. As I fell, I saw the four perpendicular rock walls, the fuse burning rapidly into the powder, and the wrecked windlass and rope.

I lay on my side fast losing consciousness. The sickening thought came over me that my remains would look like chopped meat. Mechanically I reached over to those two little jets of flame.

Puff!

Thank God, it had not begun to spit!

Puff!

The mountain seemed suddenly to close over me. I had fainted.

* * * * *

It was several weeks before I recovered. When I did, my ambition for mining was gone forever.

Ken Dcnys.

BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN.

"Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led!"

A SHORT distance, possibly two miles, from the historic old town of Stirling, in Scotland, lies the little village of Bannockburn.

To the tourist who had neglected to familiarize himself with Scottish history, there would be in this particular village nothing to excite his curiosity to any greater degree than the ordinary village of the same size and appearance so common in Scotland, and he would be very apt to pass it by without entertaining for a moment the idea of spending any time within its confines. But to the one who had made the study of the history of Scotland a part of his education, it would be an attractive and reminiscent spot and he would no more think of passing it by unnoticed than he would the famous Holyrood at Edinburgh. Although its historical associations may not be so varied and fascinating as those of Holyrood, yet it was Bannockburn that made possible the most important and entertaining part of Holyrood's history. If Bannockburn had told a different story than it tells to-day, we are inclined to believe that a goodly portion of Scotland's entire history would have had a far different and less interesting rendering. It was at Bannockburn that the invading hosts of a powerful foe were repelled and hurled back, weakened and disordered upon their own soil, a valiant and generous king firmly seated on the throne of Scotland, and the cherished liberties of his subjects secured.

The year 1306, A. D., found Robert Bruce, a scion of a noble Scotch-English family, in the service of Edward I., King of England. At the earnest solicitations of friends and the promptings of his own heart, he determined to abjure his allegiance to that sovereign, accept the proffered crown of Scotland, to which he had been a rightful claimant for some time, and devote himself to the deliverance of that country from the bondage which England had determined for it and had nearly accomplished. He secretly quitted London one night, accompanied only by a trusted servant, hastened to Scotland

and gathering together a few of his adherents, was crowned king at Scone, in the spring of the year above named. His coronation took place under anything but auspicious circumstances. The heroic Sir William Wallace, who had fought so long and faithfully for Scottish freedom and independence, had been defeated and his army scattered by a superior force of English at Falkirk, and he himself betrayed by treacherous friends into their hands, carried to London in chains, and there ignominiously executed on Tower Hill.

The principal strongholds throughout the country were in the possession of the English and strongly garrisoned. Contentions and jealousies had arisen among many of the powerful barons, engendering feelings of hatred and distrust towards each other. These feelings even led some so far as the renouncing of the cause of Scotland and the swearing of fealty to England. And here and there one would be found, to all appearances devoted to Scotland and her interests, who never scrupled when opportunity offered to secretly convey intelligence to the English of the intentions and operations of his more honorable and patriotic brethren. It was a despicable act of this kind that caused Bruce, in a fit of rage, to slay John Comyn, a nephew of John Baliol, whom Bruce succeeded as King of Scotland, in the cloisters of the church of the Gray Friars, at Dumfries; a deed considered just and right in the light of that age, but which secured to its author the lasting enmity of that influential family.

The common people, the strength of a nation, diminished in numbers, poverty-stricken and burdened by a heavy taxation, the effects of a protracted and disastrous war, were losing faith in their leaders through their constant bickerings and infidelity and were beginning to reconcile themselves to the belief that fate had decreed that to England they must yield submission and depart into bondage. What feelings—feelings of the deepest sorrow and humiliation must these brave and liberty-loving Scots have en-

dured when they imagined they saw liberty and independence slipping from their grasp forever, and the thralldom of bondage like a hideous spectre staring them in the face. And to add to their oppression and misery, the thunders of the Vatican at Rome were turned against them urging in arbitrary tones their unconditional compliance to England's imperious demands.

Such a condition of affairs was enough to make a man, even with Bruce's marked characteristics, falter ere he undertook an undertaking fraught with so much danger. But Bruce did not falter—not for a moment. Although presenting as near as could be the humiliating spectacle of a king without a kingdom and assured by his royal spouse that he might be a king for a summer, but never for a winter; with an indomitable courage, an unselfish spirit and a tenacity of purpose, surpassed by no like character of history, he espoused the sacred cause of national independence with all its dangers and stood by it until success was achieved.

It is not our purpose in this article to follow Bruce through the years intervening between his coronation at Scone and the battle of Bannockburn, eventful ones though they are, but to proceed with the account of that great and decisive battle, which resulted in a victory for Scotland, so glorious, as to be unparalleled in her history, and a defeat for England so crushing, as to be equalled only by the noted battle of Hastings.

The year 1314 A. D., opened out with the cause of the struggling Scots, greatly in the ascendancy. Only two fortresses, Stirling and Berwick, remained in the hands of the English, with Stirling closely besieged by Edward, brother of Bruce. It was plain to be seen that if the hopes of England as to the final subjugation of Scotland were ever to be realized, that a stronger effort than had yet been put forth must be made, and that speedily too.

In Edward II. of England, Scotland had found a less capable man to deal with than his father, Edward I., whom he succeeded in 1307 A. D. The vacillating character of this king had lost for him nearly all that his able

father had gained in Scotland. The policy pursued was typical of the character of the two men. That of the father was strong and energetic, while that of the son was weak and indifferent. The gaieties of the court had far greater attraction for the latter than the leadership of the camp. His hatred for Scotland, and in particular for Bruce, whom he designated as an arch-traitor, was, however, none the less intense than that exhibited by his sire before him.

At length aroused from his indolence to a realizing sense of England's waning power in Scotland, and the prompt and vigorous measure that must be taken in order to effect its restoration and triumph, Edward, with an energy and perseverance that was really surprising considering his wonted aversion to any serious occupation, set to work to collect an army to invade Scotland that would be irresistible, and with one quick decisive blow establish at once and forever England's supremacy.

To his own home troops he added levies from Ireland and Wales, also a contingent from Gascony. He even enlisted in his service soldiers from Flanders and other foreign powers. With an army of one hundred thousand men, excellently equipped with the munitions of war and tolerably well disciplined for such a heterogeneous array, Edward set out in person for Scotland in June of the year last above mentioned. With rapid marches he directed his course towards Stirling, which place he was anxious to reach before it capitulated to the Scots, intelligence having been conveyed to him to the effect that Sir Philip de Mowbray, its commander, had determined to surrender, garrison and all, if he were not relieved within a stated time. Bruce sensing from the phase of affairs that Stirling would be Edward's objective point prepared to meet him there. His available forces numbered only thirty thousand men; but a more earnest, valorous and patriotic body of men, thoroughly inured to the hardships and uncertainties of war, was never led to victory on the field of battle.

Knowing full well that he would be

numerically weaker than his opponent, especially in the matter of cavalry, Bruce, in order to remedy this deficiency as much as possible, thought it best to select his position and wait to be attacked. He accordingly drew up his forces at Bannockburn, as offering the best defensive facilities, and immediately commenced to get in readiness for the mighty conflict that was to decide whether Scotland was to retain the proud place of a nation among nations or be relegated to the menial position of a dependency among dependencies.

Bruce could not possibly have selected a more advantageous position in that whole region of country. It seemed as if nature had designed that on this very spot the rights of an oppressed people were to be asserted. On the right was a hill, on the left a strip of marshy ground, and along the entire front a small brook wended its silent way. On either side of this brook Bruce had deep pits dug into which were driven strong stakes of wood with the ends uppermost, sharply pointed and the whole covered over with a thin covering of brush and turf.

The English appeared in sight on the evening of June 23rd, and almost immediately a body of their cavalry headed by the impetuous Earl of Gloucester, encountered a detachment of Scottish cavalry under the command of Sir James Douglass. A sharp engagement ensued in which the English were worsted. Just prior to this encounter an exciting incident occurred which called into requisition those qualities for which Bruce had long been noted—his superior strength and courage, much to the encouragement of the Scots and not a little to the dismay of the English.

Bruce, mounted on a horse of medium size, and slight of build but quick of movement, was in front of his army, presumably there to reconnoitre, when by some chance or other he rode too near the English lines for absolute safety. This was observed by the English king, who, thinking it an act of defiance on the part of Bruce, is said to have exclaimed to those round him: "I marvel that no knight among you all is brave enough to chal-

lenge so audacious a foe." The exclamation was hardly finished ere a knight, Sir Henry Bohun by name, mailed from head to foot, put spurs to his powerful war steed and, with lance in rest, bore down upon the Scottish king. Bruce saw him coming, but nothing daunted, headed his horse in the direction of the advancing knight and waited the onslaught armed only with his good strong battle-axe. Swiftly on came the English knight. Motionless as a statue stood Scotland's hero king. In an instant more and Bruce would be unhorsed, possibly with a fatal wound, thought the anxious lookers on. But not so. With a sudden nimble movement of his arm he cleverly dashes aside his adversary's lance and quick as a flash raises in his stirrups and with one swing of his ponderous battle-axe, cleaves the head of the knight to the very chin. The war horse bears the lifeless body of its master back to the English camp and Bruce retires within his own lines. Darkness coming on prevented further hostilities between the contending armies. The Scots passed the night in meditation and prayer; the English in one continuous round of revelry.

The following morning dawned clear and bright with both sides in preparation for the impending struggle. Knights clad in burnished steel and mounted on richly caparisoned steeds, were riding to and fro; foot soldiers, with glistening spears and deadly bows and pikes, with steady tread, were forming into line; devoted camp-followers were hastily removing tents and other paraphernalia to the rear; strains of music were heard floating out upon the morning air. It was indeed a scene of activity and grandeur. But how soon to be changed to one of carnage and woe!

Suddenly from the English lines the sound of a trumpet is heard. It is the signal for a charge. The left wing of the English horse, led by the fiery Gloucester, with a rush bears down upon the Scottish left centre. But it is a rush to the death, for right on to the fatal pits they go. Horses and men are thrown into one confused mass, made terrible by the shrieks of the wounded and the groans

of the dying. The Scots, like so many avenging angels, under the intrepid Douglass, sweep down upon the scene, giving the survivors no time to rally. But a feeble resistance is offered, and at this point the English are pushed off the field beyond their very infantry. The most obstinate fight is made in the centre. The gallant Randolph has charge of this division of the Scots. A company of English archers occupy a strong position on a little eminence, and sorely distress the Scots by their incessant and terrific discharges of arrows. For a moment the English have the advantage. But at the instance of Bruce a flank movement is made by Sir Robert Keith and the troublesome archers are dislodged. Bruce now presses forward with his reserves and the English are thrust back, throwing some of the rear squadrons, which Edward had ordered into action and were just coming up, into confusion. At this critical moment the camp followers, men who were incompetent for actual field service, women and children, whom Bruce had stationed behind a hill at the rear before the commencement of the battle, hear the shouts of the Scots, and thinking that they are shouts of victory rush to the top of the hill, in full view of the battle below. A more judicious and opportune move could not have been made. They present such a formidable appearance that the English conclude in a moment that they must be a detach-

ment coming up to join the main body of Scots, and at once give way on all sides. The retreat turns to a panic; the panic to a slaughter, which is continued to the very gates of Berwick, a distance of ninety miles. Edward, narrowly escaping capture, makes his way to Dunbar, thence by sea to England. Bannockburn is lost and won.

The loss on the side of the Scots was severe. On the side of the English it was simply appalling. The rich spoils of the English camp, even to the royal tent and its furnishings, fell into the hands of the victors.

It is needless to say that the news of this victory was received with acclamations of joy and thanksgiving by the people throughout the entire length and breadth of Scotland. How could it be received otherwise when it confirmed in letters of blood Scotland's independence and Bruce's title to the crown. If there is a page of Scottish history that is kept fresh in the hearts and minds of Scotchmen the world over, it is that relating to Bannockburn.

T. Y. Stanford.

"The Boy Travelers in Great Britain and Ireland;" conducted by Thos. W. Knox takes them and those who follow their footsteps in this latest of Harper's books of travel, over and through the most interesting of all civilized countries and places of historic interest to English speaking people in the world.

GRANT MY LONGING, GRACIOUS FATHER.

Grant my longing, Gracious Father,
Fire this broken heart anew;
As the Pilgrims thought is homeward,
So let mine be up to You.

Who can bear these burdens longer,
Of regret and conscious loss?
Heal me, let my load be lightened,
Thou who suffered on the cross.

Grant my longing, Gracious Father,
Fire this broken heart anew;
As the pilgrims thought is homeward,
So let mine be up to You.

Wading deep in tribulation
Who will reach a helping hand?
Only those who sink in shipwreck,
Think of safety on the land.

While my life was young and thoughtless
Lo, I wandered from the fold;
Now, deserted, lone, repentant,
Grant me mercy though I'm old.

E. H. Anderson.

SOME PARASITIC PESTS.

THE term "parasite" is commonly applied to any animal or plant that lives wholly or in part within or upon the body of some other living thing. Confining our attention for the present to parasitic animals only, we may without difficulty find many and familiar examples.

Let us begin with a creature of common acquaintance, the lively flea (figure

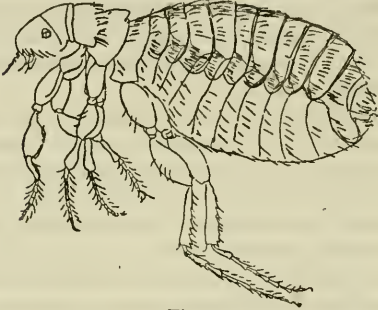


Fig. 1.

1.) This is a creature of the family of *aptera* or wingless insects. Though denied the power of flight, it is able to make prodigious leaps; indeed fleas have been seen to jump two hundred times their own length. The hind limbs are especially large and muscular, though in all parts the anatomy of the flea is surprising. When magnified (as in the sketch)

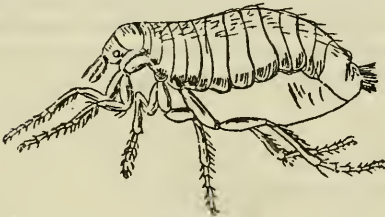


Fig. 2.

the flea appears as if clad in mail; its armor consists of stout plates, overlapping along the sides and tightly riveted. Prominent among its mouth parts is a sharp beak very efficient as a piercing and suction instrument. The flea here shown (figure 1) though occasionally found about human habitations is in reality a parasite of the dog; its full name is *Pulex canis*.

There is, however, a flea peculiar to human kind, but this is not common in

America; indeed some entomologists claim that the insect does not exist in

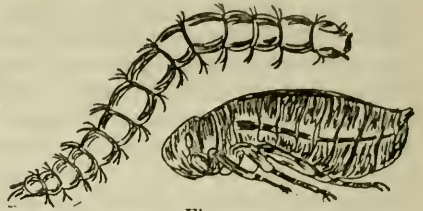


Fig. 3.

this country. The human flea (*Pulex irritans*) is sketched in figure 2, and the main points of anatomical difference between it and the dog flea can be seen by a comparison of the two drawings.

The eggs of the flea are deposited on floors and in crevices of walls and furniture, amongst dust and dirt. Mingled with the tiny white eggs are a number of bits of clotted blood which the mother flea prepares for her offspring. In about



Fig. 4.

six or eight days the egg gives forth a small maggot-like larva with no external limbs. The larval condition continues for about two weeks, after which the creature ceases to eat, and advances into the pupa stage; in this it somewhat resembles the adult insect. Figure 3 is a highly magnified representation of the flea larva and pupa.

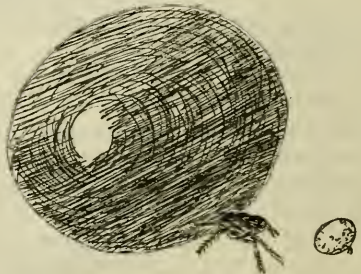


Fig. 5.

Fleas vary greatly in size according to the conditions under which they live.

An observer reports the existence of enormously large fleas on the shores of the Mediterranean Sea, near Montpellier; the insects are said to be half as large as house flies. They are described as human fleas, and their presence is ascribed to



Fig. 6.

the great numbers of bathers who frequent the beach during the summer months. Closely related to the common flea is the troublesome chigoe, a parasitic insect common in the warmer parts of the American continent. The chigoe is smaller than the flea, though the effects of its attacks are far more distressing. A magnified view of the creature is given in figure 4. Its piercing apparatus consists of a stout beak enclosing three sharp lancets. The female endeavors to attack the human body, her favorite place of assault being beneath the nails of the toes. If uninterrupted she bores her way under the skin, and there remains till she is ready to deposit her eggs. Figure 5 represents a female chigoe greatly distended with eggs; the smaller sketch shows the insect in natural size. The presence of this parasite beneath the skin gives rise to very painful sores.

Another insect to which human beings play the host is the common louse (figure 7). All domestic animals, including birds, may be troubled with lice. Man is favored (?) above many of the animals; he has three different kinds of lice, the commonest of which is the head louse (*Pediculus capitis*) represented in the sketch. The eggs of lice are usually deposited on the hair of the infested body; they are commonly called nits. The incubation period extends over five or six days. When three weeks old the young lice are able to reproduce their kind. Lice are very prolific. Leowenhoeck stated that in two



Fig. 7.

months a female louse may produce many thousand others.

Among the parasitic companions of animals, the sheep tick (figure 8) may be named. The body of this insect is covered with hair; it is devoid of wings. Usually it finds a home in the wool of sheep, particularly of lambs. The insect fastens itself to the skin and lives by sucking blood from its host. A tumor forms on the sheep's body at the place of attachment. Many so-called remedies have been suggested, most of which are used as dips or washes. These preparations are usually arsenical; mixtures of carbolic acid with other substances are also used.



Fig. 8.

Figure 8 shows the general appearance of a common parasite of the bat; it is called the bat tick. Figure 9 is a sketch of the cattle tick, most frequently found upon the bodies of horned stock, though it has been met with upon certain reptiles and small mammals. In figure 10 is sketched a parasite of the common house fly; it has been named *Astoma muscarum*.

Another parasite, from a very different

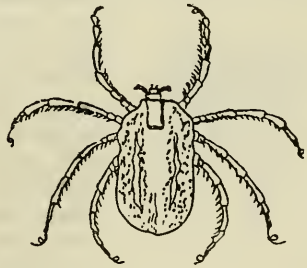


Fig. 9.

source is the sugar mite (*Acarus Succhari*) represented greatly enlarged in figure 11. Large numbers of these may be found in raw moist sugar. To the unaided eye they appear only as whitish specks. Persons who handle large quantities of such sugar frequently suffer the disease known as "grocer's itch," which is probably caused by the attacks of the sugar mites.

The skin disease called the itch is due

to the presence of a peculiar parasite the itch mite. A highly magnified view of this creature is given in figure 12, its technical name is *Sarcoptes scabiei*. The feet are very small. The itch mite endeavors to attack the skin



Fig. 10.

in some protected part of the body; its presence gives rise to irritation and serious inflammation. Figure 13 represents a view of the under surface of the male itch-mite.

A very troublesome class includes the harvest mites, of which figures 14 and 15 are examples. All of these are very small, and this characteristic adds to the difficulty of a defense to their attacks.

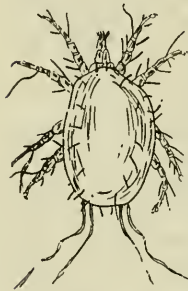


Fig. 11.

Fig. 14 represents the American harvest mite, and figure 15 shows the properly named irritating harvest mite. The tiny dots beneath each figure indicates the natural size of the creature.

A most singular parasite is the nose mite, sketched in figure 16. It was first discovered in

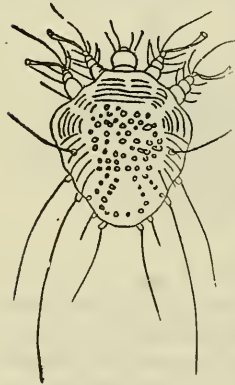


Fig. 12.

the sebaceous follicles on the human nose; though it may be found in the skin of other parts of the body. When the oil ducts of the skin become in any way obstructed, the unctuous secretion becomes impacted within the ducts; an inflamed condition of the spot results, with slight exterior swelling producing pimples. From each of these a tiny lump of impacted matter may be squeezed, and in this there may be from one to twenty of these peculiar mites. In shape the nose mite suggests a very

tiny caterpillar; as to size each measures about 1-45th of an inch in length; within the skin duct, the little creature is always found with its head directed inwards.

Many parasitic worms are known; of these, we will speak only of one, the *Trichina*, a nematoid or thread-like worm. Indeed, the word trichina itself



Fig. 13.

(from *thrix* a hair) indicates the general shape of the creature. This parasite is frequently found in the flesh of diseased animals, especially of hogs. Figure 17

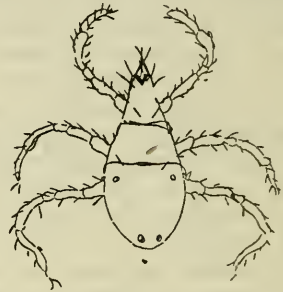


Fig. 14.

shows a highly magnified bit of muscular tissue, in which a number of trichinae are migrating. When at rest within the muscle, the worms encyst themselves; an encysted trichina is shown in figure 18.

To the naked eye, trichinae in flesh appear as tiny specks of light color; these average 1-70th of an inch in length, and 1-130th in breadth.

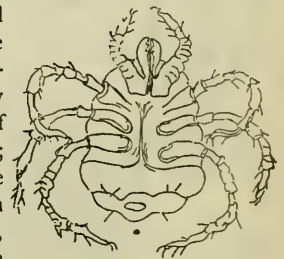


Fig. 15.

In a single ounce of the flesh of a cat, Leuckart found 325,000 trichinae, and calculated that if all the voluntary muscles of the human body were similarly affected, there would be fully one thousand nine hundred and fifty millions of

the worms within the system. The trichinae can live in putrid flesh, and thus the decomposing carcass of an animal affected with them, may support the pests till they escape to the earth, thence to find their way with grasses and other plants into the bodies of herbivorous animals; the flesh of such animals being afterward eaten by man, the worms may gain admission to the human body. The bodily



Fig. 16.

disorder caused by the presence of trichinae is known as *trichiniasis*; it is marked by general prostration, fever, and loss of appetite; followed by swelling of the muscles, and laborious respi-

ration. The worms bore their way through the walls of the stomach and intestines, and after reaching the volun-



Fig. 18.

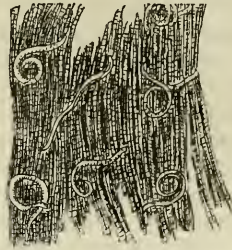


Fig. 17.

tary muscles they become encysted and comparatively dormant.

Constant danger attends the using of unwholesome meat; this may be lessened by thorough cooking. *J. E. Talmage.*

BALLAD OF LILIES.

"Behold us drooping on our stately stalks,
 Fair flowers of grace in rapturous repose;
 Plucked in Bermuda from cool quiet walks,
 And seeking to thy bosom to disclose
 That which the vaunting, vain, voluptuous rose
 Could never to thy senses half convey;
 A message, that with gentle gladness glows!"
 The snow-white, soft, sweet, scented lilies say.

"Each flower the flaming fire of passion mocks,
 And bids thy hot hands, trembling, to uncloset,
 Nor long to quiver in repeated locks
 And clasps, which but increase desire, with those
 That sent us—but our mystic music throws
 About thee, murmuring low, love's languorous lay,
 That o'er thee like a day-dream dimly flows—"
 The snow-white, soft, sweet, scented lilies say.

"Still e'er of lingering love each blossom talks,
 And tells he holds thee fairer than the snows,
 Untouched by human foot, where no man walks,
 He sends thee joy with every breeze that blows,
 And constantly with thee his fond heart goes.
 His thoughts are all for thee at dawn of day,
 Until the sinking sun portends its close,"
 The snow-white, soft, sweet, scented lilies say.

L'ENVOI.

"Oh lady, heed! where this love lily grows,
 A heart is waiting—has for many a day,
 For answer from thee, to the words he knows,"
 The snow-white, soft, sweet, scented lilies say.

G. L. B.

AN INDIAN SCARE.

I.

EARLY in the autumn of 1855, two boys were sitting alone by a roaring camp-fire, in a wild wooded cañon, leading up out of Utah Valley, in Utah Territory. They had left their home in the valley, fifteen miles distant, that morning, for the purpose of procuring a load of wood for fuel. Getting firewood was an arduous task at that early day in Utah. No timber grew in the valley, but only in the wild mountain cañons, where roads had to be constructed at great cost, by digging dugways on the mountain sides, blasting rock, and bridging the wild streams that dashed and foamed down their rocky channels. Added to the natural difficulties of wood getting, additional dangers attended the pioneer. The Indians were on the warpath, necessitating extra precautions. Large wood parties, going to the cañons three times every week, were obliged to go well armed, and keep a strict watch at night, that they might not be surprised by their savage foes. Our little boys, at the lonely camp-fire, we will call Karl and Billy; the former twelve, the latter eight years old. They had been sent to the cañon that morning by their father, for a load of wood. It was their first trip alone. They were to have joined the regular wood party at the mouth of the cañon and have proceeded with them to the timber; but by some misunderstanding, they had taken the wrong road, thus missing the camp, and being compelled to camp alone in the dismal forest, surrounded by wild and ferocious beasts, and still more savage red men. When the veil of darkness began lowering over the camp, the oxen were driven up, chained to the wagon wheel, and fed for the night. A large fire had been kindled, which lighted their surroundings to a considerable distance; but the darkness, which stood up like a wall in the distance, seemed only more dark and gloomy. Old "Dick and Bally" stood at some distance eating their provender, blinking at the fire, affording our little campers no slight companionship. Billy proposed that their bed be made by the side of the

oxen, thinking that a greater place of safety. Karl objected, fearing that the oxen might tread on them in the darkness. More wood was heaped on the fire, and the flames shot twenty feet into the air. Supper was at length spread on the blankets and partaken of in gloomy silence, each young bosom being filled with vague forebodings of coming harm. Eight o'clock had come. The sky was obscured by clouds, making the darkness more intense, and the melancholy howl of the coyote on the hillside, did not add to their feelings of security. The forest was filled with strange sounds to which their ears were unaccustomed.

The hooting of the night birds; the melancholy sighing of the wind; the cracking of the dry twigs, as some nocturnal animal made its way through the wood; the rush of the water over its pebbly way—all combined to fill the minds of the lonely campers with a secret dread of coming harm. After a painful silence of some minutes duration, Billy said: "Karl don't you wish pa' was with us?" "Don't I though?" was the reply. "Do you think there are any bear up this fork?" asked Billy, after a slight pause, and Karl added reassuringly, "No I think not," though he hardly felt the truth of his reply.

"Do you think we could kill a bear if one should come to our camp?" "Yes, I think we could," was the reply, inspired no doubt by the thought that they were well armed, with a colt's rifle firing six shots, and an old pair of horse pistols in a holster; though Karl really hoped they would have no occasion to try their battery on so formidable an animal. "I wish that wolf would stop howling, it makes me so lonesome," again ventured the younger boy, as a howl of unusual dolefulness was borne to their ears on the night wind. "Oh never mind that; the coyotes are too cowardly to hurt anyone," said Karl in a tone of assumed boldness. "Yes, but I don't like to hear it," persisted Billy, petulantly—"It makes me feel so lonely." "Well, I guess we'll have to listen to it, or go to

sleep," was all the consolation the older brother could offer.

As they were preparing for bed, Billy again broke the silence: "Do you think pa' will pray for us tonight, and ask God to keep us from harm?" "Of course he will," said Karl.

"Do you think the Lord would hear us, if we were to ask Him?"

"Yes, I believe He would."

"Then let's do it," said Billy, with a look of childlike confidence beaming from his eyes.

"All right," Karl rejoined — "But which shall ask Him?"

"Let's both do so; you say what you can think of, then I'll begin," proposed Billy. And there in the wild mountains, with darkness and danger surrounding them, the little pioneers knelt in faith, asking protection from their Heavenly Father, who they had been taught would guard and protect His children, if they would only rely on Him. After the final amen, all fear and awe had subsided; and in a few minutes they were in the sound, refreshing slumber of childhood, entirely oblivious to the approaching danger awaiting them.

II.

After some hours, Karl was suddenly awakened by the rattling of chains, and the snorting of the oxen. The first objects that met his startled gaze, were the towering forms of two stalwart Indians in full war-paint. The frightened boy reached instinctively for his gun, but found it had been removed. By this time Billy was fairly aroused, and began to cry; whereupon one of the warrior's drew an arrow to its head on the little fellow, and said in harsh guttural: "Pappoose shut up or me kill 'um." This savage admonition had the desired effect. The frightened lad subsided—only stifled sobs being now heard. "Get up heap quick, pappoose go to Injuns wick-i-up; no try to get away, or me kill 'um sure." These words were accompanied by a cruel leer, and a significant motion of drawing his hunting knife across the throat. Karl, who had read something of Indian character, concluded to comply at once with his captors demands, trust-

ing to the future for some chance of escape. It appeared that captivity, and not death was to be their immediate fate, and Karl tried the best he could to make his frightened, sobbing brother understand the situation. In the meantime, the marauders were gathering up the plunder, preparatory for a departure. One of the stalwarts went up to unfasten the oxen, when old Dick, who evidently didn't like the smell of war-paint, and had been manifesting decided feelings of hostility, suddenly sprang toward the approaching native, and would have undoubtedly thrust the copper skinned rascal through with his horns, but for the chain being too short; as it was the animal was thrown around, and in its struggle and kicking, struck the painted heathen in the stomach, sending him sprawling on the ground. The discomfited savage sprang to his feet, drew an arrow to its full head, with the evident intention of ending Dick's usefulness there and then; but probably realizing that he would lose a good beef, he paused and finally put his arrow away. The boys could hardly restrain their mirth, when they saw the way in which their favorite had sent the red man to the ground. The crestfallen brave savagely commanded Karl to "tie ox loose d— quick," which was done, after pacifying the old bovine with a few kind words. Then the oxen were headed up the cañon, the boys following, and the warriors bringing up the rear with the plunder from the camp. Silently and swiftly they followed the old Indian trail, winding tortuously up toward the divide, the path growing narrower and steeper as they neared the summit.

It was about 1 a.m. when they left their camp, and as they toiled painfully up the steep trail, their hearts almost sank within their bosoms, as they realized that each step took them farther and farther into the mountains and increased the distance from home. As the trail got narrower they traveled in file; the oxen ahead, an Indian following, the boys next, and the other savage bringing up the rear. The oxen gave the thieves considerable trouble by attempting to

run back on the mountain side, but all their maneuvers were frustrated by the agile hunters, who headed them off by swinging their blankets, throwing large stones, and whooping at them. Thus they trudged on for several miles; the boys stumbling frequently over the fallen trees which encumbered the rocky way. Several times Billy had fallen in the darkness, and had been brutally kicked to a standing position by the heartless rear guard. The hurried march at last so exhausted the poor boy that he could hardly keep his feet, and the warrior behind became more fierce, threatening several times to "kill pappoose" if he didn't hurry up. Karl being fearful that the threat would be carried out, took his little brother by the hand, though he was himself almost exhausted. At this juncture, the storm which had been brooding on the mountain peaks for hours, broke upon the lonely trail with great fury. The flashing lightning illumed the surrounding peaks; the thunder filled the defiles with strange reverberations; the rain descended in a flood, rushing and roaring down the gullies like an avalanche. It was the most terrible, yet sublime picture, the frightened boys had ever witnessed, but their awe, at the elemental warfare, was subdued by their greater fear of their savage captors. The party reached the summit just at sunrise, when a halt was made, and after some difficulty a fire started. Breakfast was prepared from their own supplies, brought from home. They were thirty miles from home, on what is now known as the "Strawberry Ridge," and the beautiful "Strawberry Valley," filled with the golden beams of the morning sun, spread out before them. After eating, the boys were permitted to fall asleep, and remained in that blissful state for two or three hours, when they were rudely awakened from dreams of home by a kick, from the moccasined foot of an Indian. The sun was over three hours high, when they again took the trail, leading down the opposite side of the mountain through a deep ravine, following a little stream for ten miles where a short halt was made for one of the red-

men to fix his moccasin. The boys went out on the green where the oxen were cropping the grass, some rods from their captors, and sat down. Karl in a subdued voice told his brother that if they were not tied up very securely on the following night, it might be possible for them to steal quietly away, take the back trail, and by moving rapidly, perhaps get back home in safety; or at least encounter some party, that would surely be out in search of them. The plan of escape must be put into execution on the following night; for if they traveled much farther into the mountains, the immediate chance for their escape would be lessened, and even should they succeed, later, in eluding their captors, they would never be able to find their way back, but get lost in the interminable windings of the mountain passes, and starve or perhaps worse, be devoured by wild beasts.

Though Billy hardly understood what was desired, he had the greatest confidence in his brother's sagacity, and he determined to do all that lay in his power to further their plan of escape. The party was soon again in motion, old Dick and Billy in the lead, proceeding without further halt until after dark. At a place where the cañon widened out into a grassy plot, a halt was made for the night, a campfire started, some "jerked" meat eaten for supper, and preparation made for passing the night. Karl's wrists were tied behind his back with a short lasso, made of tanned deer skin, one end of which was fastened to one of the Indians' ankles. Billy was left at liberty. After some time spent by the Indians in smoking, and guttural chat they wrapped their blankets about their heads and bodies, then laying down with their feet to the fire, were to all appearances soon fast asleep. The gun and pistols had been deposited near their heads, and were covered with a piece of deerskin to keep them from dampness. Now came a period of dreadful suspense to Karl. He was fearful that Billy, fatigued as he was, would fall asleep, in which case their hope of an immediate escape was at an

end. Billy was a sound sleeper, and should he doze off, he would never awaken before morning. Karl tugged away quietly at his fastenings, but only succeeded in drawing them tighter; and his wrists were already swelling and becoming quite painful. He constantly made signs to his brother to keep him awake.

Another hour of dreadful suspense passed. Billy struggled manfully to keep awake. Several times his head drooped, causing Karl's heart to stand still in very terror; but the little head would come up again, and the blue eyes open wide with a look which said, "I'll not go to sleep, never you fear." The time had now come for action. Karl, who had the utmost faith in the efficacy of prayer, breathed a silent but soulful appeal to the Almighty Father, for the success of their undertaking.

III.

Billy, who had been on the alert, saw his brother's signal, crept quietly to his side, and was told in a breath to unfasten the cruel thongs. Fortunately, Billy was in possession of an old razor blade, which he had found some weeks previously, and carried in his pocket ever since, which was now the speedy means of their deliverance. Silently and well the bonds were cut and Karl's hands freed. He arose, rubbing his wrists to restore the circulation, at the same time gazing upon the sleeping foe trying to decide what was best to do. Should they awake within four hours, the superior strength of the enemy would enable them to overtake and capture the boys, in which case they would probably be cruelly murdered. Karl decided to attempt the removal of the fire arms, and should the sleepers awake while doing so, shoot them on the spot; and should the removal be successful, and they be pursued and overtaken, sell his life as dearly as possible. Crawling stealthily near the coveted rifle, it was removed without alarming the enemy and handed to Billy. The pistols were removed in the same manner, and the boys stole like spectres away, not looking back until they were one hundred yards distant. Here the oxen were encountered, laying down for the night.

The boys decided at once to drive their old servants back with them, although fully realizing the extreme danger in the attempt to get the oxen upon their feet. Billy was instructed, in case the Indians should be alarmed, to use the horse pistols with telling effect, waiting until the enemy should come close, then giving them a "centre shot!" The boys had both been used to fire arms ever since they were able to shoulder a gun. Old "Dick" was patted on the neck and told cautiously to "get up;" but the old fellow was down for the night and Karl had to employ the old ruse of twisting his tail, before he could bring him up standing. His fellow by the same proceeding was brought to a traveling position and each boy, fully realizing the force of the old saying, "a tail hold is a good hold," seized a tail firmly with the left hand, and the oxen were driven on a fast walk back on the lonely trail. They were soon a mile from that terrible camp-fire, and not hearing any hostile demonstration from that quarter, their courage returned; but the oxen were kept on a brisk walk, maintaining this gait for two hours. Billy now began to complain sorely of fatigue, and the thought now occurred to Karl that they could ride old "Dick," as they had done hundreds of times before. Billy was helped upon his back, the holsters hung across his neck, and after handing Billy the rifle, Karl climbed up behind and on they pressed. It was now beyond the midnight hour and the old ox still plodded on. Billy commenced nodding, and presently laid down on the animal's neck and was soon asleep, being held in place by his brother. Karl urged the faithful animal to his best gait, but after a couple of hours more, the ox, being loaded, began to go more slowly. Karl began to get painfully sleepy, napping, and very nearly falling off several times. He could only keep awake by the greatest exertion. The hours dragged wearily on; old "Dick's" step became more labored; the boy more tired and sleepy. Finally he dropped over on his brother and was lost in profound slumber.

The boys were awakened by a violent

concussion. Opening their startled eyes, they found themselves in a heap on the ground. They had fallen off as the old ox jumped over a fallen tree. It was broad daylight.

They glanced fearfully back on the trail, expecting to see their pursuers upon their track. They concluded they were within about five miles of the summit, where the first halt was made after their capture, and all of thirty-five miles from home. Realizing that there was no time to lose, each secured a "tail hold," and the journey continued. The oxen could hardly be urged forward, stopping continually to crop the luxuriant grass beside the trail. Just after sunrise, when they had proceeded up the trail not more than a half mile from where they had fallen off, their blood was almost curdled by hearing, from back upon the trail, the exultant yell of their savage pursuers, who had evidently just discovered the boys' tracks. Boy-like, their first impulse was to run; but after a few steps this plan was abandoned, realizing that they would soon be overtaken. Looking hurriedly about, they saw near by an overhanging cliff, with some large pieces of rock that had split off and stood two or three feet high in front, making a natural breast work. "Quick Billy, here's our place!" said Karl. "We'll get behind these rocks and shoot them when they come in sight!" "But they'll kill us if we stop!" objected Billy. "Well, they will soon catch us if we run! We may just as well be killed here as farther on!" Billy was quickly forced behind the barricade, where they crouched down and waited with fluttering hearts for the appearance of the Indians. Both pistols were cocked, one in Billy's hand, the other on a rock just in front. The rifle was cocked and both were ready to pour a broadside upon the advancing foe.

"Now, Billy, just as soon as the Indians come in sight around that big tree, point straight at the head one and pull the trigger. Remember they havn't any guns—only bows and arrows." This fact made the boys feel quite confident of their ability to withstand their red foemen. The anxious watchers hadn't long

to wait for the enemy was soon in sight, within fifty paces of the breast-work; their tufted heads bent low, carefully scrutinizing the ground. They were within thirty steps of the masked battery, when the command came in quick as-pirate: "Now let them have it Billy—fire!" Two shots rang out, and one of the trailers came to the ground, the other bounding nimbly into the thicket.

"Keep you head down, Billy, or the Indian will shoot you with his arrow!" said Karl, as Billy peeped over, anxiously waiting for further development.

"Where's the one we hit?" excitedly whispered Billy. "He's crawled off out of sight," was the reply "Look out!" said Karl, as an arrow whizzed within a few inches of Billy's head, which he had cautiously elevated above the rock. Bang! rang out the rifle in Karl's hand, as he caught a glimpse of an Indian's crest above the brush, which helped the sable warrior to beat a hasty retreat. After another interval Karl peeped over the works, when instantly an arrow struck the rock very near him, coming from the vicinity of the wounded brave. Billy seized the remaining pistol and fired point blank into the brush, the only result being a rustling of the bushes as the wounded Indian crawled away.

"I can't shoot any more," said Billy; "for my pistols are empty, and the Indians have our powder and balls. I wish we had the cannon here they shoot off on the Fourth of July, I'd make that Indian hop!" The beleaguered boys lay very close for an hour, when faintly they heard from toward the summit, the tramping of horses feet. Nearer and nearer they came; when suddenly there burst into view a band of horsemen, and foremost among them rode their father. A glad shout burst from the exhausted boys and they were soon in their father's arms. The surrounding thicket was searched for the wounded Indian, but no trace of him was found, excepting a pool of blood where he had fallen. The story is soon closed. The boys not returning in proper time, their father rode up the cañon to their camp, and finding it plundered, rode

quickly home, where the alarm was spread and a party organized, with the result above narrated. Two years afterwards, when peace had been restored, a party of natives came to the town, and among them were the two Indians who had captured our boys at the lonely camp-fire.

The recognition was mutual. One of the Indians still limped from the effects of the shot received at the rocky fort. He came up to the boys and patting them on the head, said in a tone of admiration: "Brave boys, heap brave!"

D. C. Johnson.

A DAY IN ROME.

Thou art the garden of the world, the home
Of all art yields, and nature can decree;
E'en in thy desert, what is like to thee!
Thy very weeds are beautiful, thy waste
More rich than other climes' fertility;
Thy wreck a glory and thy ruin graced
With an immaculate charm which cannot
Be defaced.—*Byron*

A day in Rome is crowded so full of mixed and varied scenes, that when I sit down to write what I have seen and where I have been, I know not where to begin nor where to end. "The four and twenty hours extend and dilate into a well-filled existence," and the shifting scenes carry one abruptly from divine to sacrilegious, heavenly to earthly, exquisite to revolting. There are but few cities in the world where, as in Rome, one can plunge from this work-a-day modern world into the oblivious past with but a stride; or witness, as the case may be, the present and the past "meet, clash, or harmonize."

The "Eternal City," offers us all a splendid field, no matter what our tastes may be, and all phases of life are jumbled up together, as it were, in a heterogeneous mass, each engrossing—enticing. It is the home of the painter, the sculptor, the antiquarian, the doctor, the statesman, the lawyer and the soldier. Under the azure blue of dreamy Italy, the poet, loves to while away his leisure hours—to live on the threshold of the present and the past. Here, too, the musician finds his way, to refresh his soul with draughts from Apollo's Spring. 'Tis here the deciple of Catholicism comes, prostrating himself before *el padre santo* to relieve his soul and purchase forgiveness, or climb the *Scala Santa* (holy stairs) on his bare knees and thus obtain a six (?) years absolution!

Strangers from every quarter of the globe "here do congregate," some to spend their time in idleness, some to say they've seen, others to study and understand, and some in the true spirit of earnest inquiry and research. And Rome in "her multiplication of resources" unendless, varied, fascinating, satisfies us all and gives to each his compass in which to operate.

Enough for prelude! A ride of twenty minutes from our *Pension* brought us to the object of our visit—the Vatican. This building and the great church of St. Peters', stand side by side on somewhat of an eminence called the Borgo, across the Tiber, and form at present the main possessions of the Pope. Upon inquiry, we were directed to the entrance under the left wing of the immense semicircular facade which extends like mighty arms from the Church of St. Peter on either side, thus forming an imposing piazza. A large fountain, with a towering obelisk in the middle adorns the centre. At the entrance we were greeted by the Swiss guards oddly, yet tastefully uniformed. Accosting one of these he directed us to proceed up the *Scala Regia*—a magnificent flight of steps,—to the first floor. A turn to the right and thence up a second flight landed us at the door of the "Raphael's Stanza and Loggie" where we presented our *Permesso* and were allowed to enter. Here begins the task which I am entirely unable to perform, viz—the describing of what I saw. I am no student of art—never was, and even in my youth it was with some difficulty I could delineate a pig or a cow, therefore I will not presume to offer criticism; however, I hope it will be allowed me to praise all I see fit to.

This gallery can rightly lay claim to be one of the very choicest in existence, due to the vigilance of the Popes, whose pride it has been for centuries, and who have endeavored to make a collection of paintings the parallel of which does not exist. In my judgment their efforts have been a grand success. We traversed room after room, gallery after gallery. To the end? No, there is none—every wall hung with productions from the brush of such masters as Raphael—Perugino—Udine—Michael Angelo—Romano—Leonardo di Vinci—Geurcino—Bellini—Poussin—Veronese—Domenchino—Carregio—and so many other of alike ability that I cannot here give space to enumerate them. The ceiling of every chamber is frescoed with historical and religious productions, all works of the choicest order; in fact, many of them from Raphael's and Perugino's own brushes or under their direct supervision.

After some hours strolling through the great halls, admiring and studying treasures which excite the admiration of the most untutored, we came to the chamber where that famous painting hangs, probably the greatest of all, viz: "The Transfiguration" by Raphael. This was his last great work. The design is a wonder of itself. The upper part of the picture consists of Christ accompanied by Moses and Elias descending in the clouds of heaven toward the earth, while lying prostrate on an elevation are Peter, James and John. To the left emerging from a bush are St. Lawrence and St. Stephen in attitude of adoration. The lower half of this wonderful work represents others of the disciples as being importuned to heal a sick boy. In its striking vigor, impressive design and individuality, it gives the beholder the impression that it is a scene passing before his very eyes and not merely a painting several hundred years old. There is a truth and propriety about the works of this great master that at once endeared them to me, and the more of his paintings and designs I see the more am I forced to believe he was inspired by a divine power. He most assuredly possessed every attribute, every characteris-

tic to constitute a great painter. Individuality, force, coloring, tact, judgment, learning, harmony and composition were all at his command, and to study his efforts one cannot but be impressed with the prudence with which his endowments were used.

It would occupy an unlimited space to give even a passing notice of the contents of the gallery, therefore it is useless for me to attempt here a portrayal of the art-treasures that enchanted me. I can give no idea of its size by comparison because I know of none other of such prodigious dimensions; but probably a conception may be given when I say that the palace possesses twenty courts and eleven thousand halls, chapels, saloons and private apartments. The greater number of these are occupied by picture and sculpture galleries and museums, containing every conceivable thing; while a comparatively small portion of the mammoth structure is used by the Pope, or set apart for the use of the Papal Court. For many years it has been the residence of the Pope and it is very seldom that his majesty is seen without its walls. He sometimes visits St. Peter's, but I am informed even this, of late, is a great rarity.

The Vatican has no splendid exterior, simply a medley of buildings "without form and void" extending in all directions covering an immense area of ground; but the outside is entirely forgotten when one crosses the threshold and loses himself amongst its labyrinthine galleries, corridors and cortiles and one, to see it all, would be necessitated to take up his residence with the Pope and devote a goodly portion of each day during an ordinary lifetime to his task.

The afternoon we spent at the Forum and the Coliseum. After the sun had passed the meridian of his sweltering glow we passed into the street, one armed with the glasses and the other the guide book. Here we descended a flight of stone steps to Trajan's Forum—the spot where Constantine fifteen centuries ago proclaimed "Christianity the religion of the world, and exhorted all to abjure the errors of a superstition the off-

spring of ignorance, folly and vice." Thence through a foul, dark, crooked alley—for we chose the nearest way—public busy street or by-way, it mattered little which, so long as it lay in our direction. It was in such as the latter where we saw Italian life to good advantage, and queer enough, too, were the scenes we witnessed and the folks we saw. The walk was of some length, but time passed quickly and distance shortened when such oddities were ever and anon interspersed to attract our attention and amuse us; for the like is nowhere to be seen in the whole wide world except in Italy.

On emerging from a narrow street, the Capitoline Hill burst full into view. We labored up the great marble stairway to the grand piazza. The piazza is a quadrangle of some dimensions, bounded on the right and left by the gallery and museum respectively, while at the rear facing the grand stair, rises the *Palazzo del Senatore*. This is the historical piazza Campidoglio after the plans of the renowned Michael Angelo. A large equestrian statute of Marcus Aurelius adorns the centre—the same which once stood in the Roman Forum by the side of the arch of Septimius Severus.

The Capitoline Hill is the smallest but historically the most important of the seven hills of Rome (if such they may be termed, but I would term them mere elevations; the capitol I would call a mound and think I did it every justice). But a few steps to the right in the "area Capitolina" once stood the asylum of Romulus, and it was just here that popular assemblies were afterwards convened.

In the year 133 B. C., on the occasion of the revolt of Tiberius Gracchus, the blood of the citizens flowed for the first time in civil warfare. 'Twas here also the magnificent Temple of Jupiter once reared its proud head but not a vestige of it remains, save its memory. In short this eminence may be termed the centre of the once great Roman Empire, the hub around which the whole world at one time revolved; where misery and glory have alike flourished—and passed away, each in its turn. Were it not for the

associations, legendary and historical, which linger over it, 'twould I fear, cause no more interest than any other spot in Rome, for its aspect today is decidedly modern.

Across the piazza and descending an ancient flight of steps, brought us to the Roman Forum. But what a picture of devastation and ruin!—An unbroken waste of confusion—a wilderness of stones and broken pillars! Oh, man, how vain thy works—how irrevocable thy mutability!

At the end of the Forum next to the Tabularium and much below the modern road, deep excavations under the base of the hill display the remains of various Temples, jumbles of stone, antiquated foundations, broken marble pillars, capitals, bits of mosaic piled at the bases of the still remaining pillars—of which there are about a dozen—mementoes of past greatness. Beneath the shadow of the Tabularium stands all that remains of the Temple of Vespasian—three lone pillars surmounted by the entablature, and though of excellent workmanship, what idea can these convey to us of the magnificence of that splendid pile!

We passed along the right hand side of the Forum a short distance, and descended a little flight of wooden steps so that we could offer a closer observation to that wreck of glory. We soon found it difficult work to find beginning or end. A dive into our guide-book would result in little satisfaction. I thoroughly agree with that writer who says "by books alone and deep research and antiquarian knowledge aided by strong powers of imagination" would make a visit to the Forum a satisfactory success. Yes, and one's imagination should be as fertile as a woman's, for he continually tries to rebuild those fallen temples, and "lend form and symmetry" and splendor to them. But nothing short of a woman's fanciful head could reanimate the repulsive scene and build it into pristine life again. I found myself trying, but what a hopeless mess I made of it! No sooner would I get one temple complete and start the second, than the former would totter and fall, and mingle with the dust

again. Thus ended several futile attempts, so I gave up, in despair and was obliged to content myself to see it as it is, and leave the reconstructing, re-peopling to more fertile brains.

Walking across the Forum on the *Via Sacra* (sacred way) a few stones of which still remain, we come to the triumphal arch of Septimius Severus. It is certainly an imposing thing and so rich in bass-relief, carvings and cuttings, that though battered and marred by cruel hands, it still stands there a wonder to all beholders,—a link that binds the present to the past. Half its majesty is lost in that it stands far below the common surface in a great depression; in fact the whole Forum lies some feet below the surrounding base, which latter, without a doubt, has gradually been lifted to its present altitude by the accumulation of debris for centuries past. But a step or two to the right, once stood the Rostrum, which oft echoed the footsteps of the Cæsars and orators of past greatness. Bordering the "sacred way" farther on to the right, the ruins of the palace of the Cæsars rise abruptly aloft, dark, ominous, and gloomy on the shadowed slope of the Palatine. Indeed, the very odor is ancient, and we almost expected to meet the spectres of the honored dead stalking through those vast, dismal chambers, chilling my blood as we groped our way through the darkened passages. Still farther along on the opposite side, we neared the majestic ruins of the Temple of Peace, of which but three arches remain. In the words of Elliott "all that remains in evidence of its former splendor, is one beautiful Corinthian column, cruelly removed from the spot and placed in front of the basilica of Santa Maria Maggiore. It was originally one of the eight marble pillars which decorated the interior temple. In these latter days the ruin is known as the Basilica, begun by Maxentius, and finished by Constantine, after the battle of Ponto Molto had ended that tyrant's life and reign. According to the present version, we must consider this lofty structure only as belonging to "Modern Rome," for in that interminable chain of centuries that unlink before one

in examining the historic antiquities of Rome, the third or fourth century counts but as yesterday. I for myself prefer the Catholic account, as being the most poetic. According to that, the edifice was built by Augustus, in memory of the peace, given to the world by the battle of Actium. Wishing to know how long the solid walls would stand, he consulted the oracle, which replied; *Quoadusque virgo pariet.*" ("Until a virgin bears a son.") The Romans considered this a promise of immortality, and anticipated an eternal existence for the new Temple of Peace; but the same night that saw the Savior's birth in Bethlehem, the walls of the Pagan Temple shook and fell; fire suddenly and mysteriously issued from the ground, and the sumptuous pile was consumed."

Next in order comes the Temple of *Santa Francesco Romano* partly built over the remains of the Temple of *Venus and Rome*, and hard by, on a gentle eminence stands the arch of Titus in commemoration of that general's victories over the Jews. It is a work of merit and indicates clearly a period previous to the decline of art. The bass-reliefs, finely and distinctly cut, represent Titus himself seated on a triumphal car attended by Victory crowning him with laurels; and opposite this, in bass-relief also, are the spoils of the Temple at Jerusalem—"the table of shewbread, the seven branched candlestick; the jubilee trumpets and the incense vessels." It is said that a Jew would rather die than pass under that arch, and this accounts for a little foot-path we find on either side; "but it is in vain to dispute the Almighty will; the monument of their servitude is not to be ignored, nor the prophecy forgotten which was wrung from our Lord by the hard impiety of the Jewish nation: "Verily, I say unto you, there shall not be here one stone left upon another, that shall not be thrown down."

But on to the Coliseum! Ah, the Coliseum! What a history, pathetic, brilliant, yet deplorable! What words of mine can do it justice and what a train of thought these sombre walls evoke! What crimes—what deeds—what em-

perors! Here ruled savage caprice omnipotent—sacrificing Christian, pagan, criminal, martyr without regard! This wondrous pile, whose history I have read from my earliest remembrance and now I stand enveloped in its shadows, a dream I scarce would have believed could ever be realized! But so it is, treading the very earth whose bosom has oft been drenched by blood of man and beast; gazing upon those very walls whose shattered forms have echoed the voices of Rome's millions in savage exultation, and simultaneously repeated the dying groan of the sacrificed. Though, since then a change has taken place. Where once the luxury of the world was lavished, not even the ivy deigns to grow, and the blotches of decaying time and pilfering hands stand out preeminent. Not a vestige of the former voluptuousness remains to tell us the grandeur of those early times; nothing but the cold hard stones, stripped bare; and they not all, for many palaces and public works have been built from the huge old pile.

On entering the ruin from the main portal, and walking to the centre of the arena, the eye is lost in a sea of bewildering circles, once used as seats, extending to the top of the huge elliptic. Its capacity, not forced, was eighty-seven thousand souls. Think of it! Who can imagine such an army of human beings in one assemblage? we who have seen little more than so many hundred in one body:

We took an old stairway, the identical as of yore, and clambered to the galleries, but the same forbidding aspect met our gaze as down below. Not a marble slab, nor "thing of beauty" did we find, though we tramped those prodigious corridors from end to end. The heavy walls, though centuries and centuries old, are as adamantine as though just constructed—a living testimony to the truth of the prophecy of the "venerable Bede," who recorded,—

"While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand;
When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall;
And when Rome falls—the world!"

There are eighty entrances in all, each

numbered. Near one of these is the Spoliarium, where the bodies of men and beasts were thrown pellmell; an awful charnal house, which must have overflowed, when Imperial Titus inaugurated his amphitheatre by games which lasted one hundred days, and five thousand wild beasts and many thousand gladiators were killed.

Passing out of the portal facing the Palantine, we strolled into the pretty acacia wood on the height adjoining. The day had begun to fall and deep shadows threw themselves across our path. Here a marble slab invited us to rest; we did so, and fell to commenting on the picture that spread out before us. To our right rose the Palantine, crowned with the ruins of the Cæsars—a grand sight, yet how gloomy! Within a stones throw, standing in the deep shadow of the amphitheatre, the arch of Constantine lifts its ponderous head, defying the ravages of time; still a little removed is the place where the golden house of Nero stood, a temple of luxury, where that tyrant, comedian, poet, gave himself up to every pleasure and vice his capricious soul could dictate, where "he sang, he drove chariots and shed torrents of innocent blood." And there glimmering through the trees that mighty playhouse of ancient Rome lifted its hoary battlements, whose stones under the hands of captive Jews, were reared amid "blood and tears, sorrow and despair," while bordering the Forum on the "sacred way" rests Titus' arch, commemorating their downfall.

Where can we find a spot richer in history and one that evokes a wider world of recollection! Here once rolled the chariots of Julius Cæsar, of Augustus, Tiberius, Caligula, Nero, Domitian and scores of others now gone to render account to a judging God. Along these highways marched the triumphal train of Trajan, Titus, Pompey, Sylla—and these great walls now tottering, gave back an echo of the shout of victory and clank of chains of captive innocence—oh, how many times! Just here, too, passed Apostles Paul and Peter (of the latter however, I question the veracity) to the Mamertine

Prison at the other end of the Forum. Here sauntered the great Cicero, Horace, Tacitus, Livy each in his day and here too, sported young Virginia on her way to school, the sweetest girl in all Rome—

"With her small tablets in her hand
And her basket on her arm."

Wm. B. Preston, Jr.

HOME.

WHAT a sacred name! A place of refuge, within which the weary spirit may find rest! What a thrill of enchantment is sent to the soul of those who can look back on the happy and comfortable home; one surrounded with beautiful gardens of fruits and flowers and adorned with fine art, music, good books, and filled with contentment; the walls decorated with pretty and useful articles made and arranged by mother or sister; house plants in the windows showing forth their pretty blossoms, and hanging above them the little canary bird, warbling his beautiful notes. Blessed with father and mother, whose love is as lustrous as an evershining star, and who are untiring in their efforts to make home a desirable attraction; surrounded by loving brothers and sisters, who do their part by being kind, affectionate, and watchful to assist in any duty toward making home an eden. Such a home would be desired by everyone!

Some years ago some twenty thousand people assembled, at the old Castle Garden, New York, to hear Jennie Lind sing, as no other songstress had ever sung, the sublime composition of Beethoven, Handel and others. At length the Swedish nightingale thought of her home, paused, and seemed to fold her wings for higher flight. She began, with deep emotion, to bring forth "*Home Sweet Home*." The audience could not stand it, an uproar of applause stopped the music, tears gushed from the thousands like rain. Beethoven and Handel were forgotten. The song came again, seemingly from heaven, almost Angelic. Home—that was the word that bound, as with a spell, twenty thousand souls and Howard Payne triumphed over the great masters of song.

Young men strive to become good and great, respected and honored and build for yourselves homes, although they may be very humble, wherein the spirit of God may find a dwelling place.

Young ladies lend your assistance to your brothers, give them your love and advice, for a true sister is a pride to any man. Very often a suggestion from a sister will save a brother from disgrace and ruin.

Educate yourselves in the many little arts that assist to make home a place of refuge, a place where father, mother, brothers and sisters may find peace, comfort and a joyful rest.

Introduce music into your homes. What is more pleasing to a person than this art? It will soften hatred, remove jealousy and fill the whole system with delight.

Let us all work to make our homes happy abodes, so that when our hair is snowy white, our cheeks furrowed, and our bodies bent with old age we can look back on our earthly home with pride, and when beckoned to destinies of a more rewarded toil, we will meet the pure in heart face to face and eternally dwell with them in the home prepared for us.

Arthur Stayner, Jr.

HELIGOLAND DISAPPEARING. — The island of Heligoland, which the British government bartered away to purchase the recognition of its territorial claims in Western Africa, may be a thing of beauty to the eye of rack-admiring travelers and German strategists, but can hardly be hoped to prove a joy forever. Two centuries ago the *Unterland*, or coast plain below the rock, comprised twenty-two square miles, and there are historical records in support of the tradition that A. D. 950 the island contained three cities and several dozen villages, with an aggregate population of one hundred thousand. Its present population has dwindled to less than three thousand, and the remaining portions of the old tableland crumble away at a rate that makes it safe to predict that within another century the "German Gibraltar" will have shrunk to a small reef with a fringe of sand bars.

SONGS OF VICTOR HUGO.

Translated from the French by Leo Haefeli.

"ONE DAY."

[Dated June, 1830, when the illustrious poet was in his twenty-eighth year.]

One day I saw above, near shore of moving waves, Swelling her sails, a ship, By winds enveloped and through billows deep as graves, 'Neath shining asters slip.	"Oh poet thou doest well! Poet with forehead sad, Thou dreamest near the stream; Thou drawest from the seas things in deep secret clad, That but to <i>thy</i> eye beam."
And then I heard, inclined on the abyss of skies, Touched by the other abyss, A Voice speak to my ear, a Voice of which my eyes Saw not the lipful kiss.	"The Sea, it is the Lord, who in weal or disaster, Our destiny does span; The Wind, it is the Lord; the Lord, it is the aster; The Vessel, it is Man."

"THE FOUR WORDS."

[Fabiano Fabiani's serenade in the drama of "Marie Tudor."]

When in my arms' embrasure Thou sing'st by eve's last glow, Know'st thou my thought of pleasure That answers thee quite low? Does not recall thy ditty To me my fairest day?— Oh sing, my pretty! Oh, sing for aye!	Revealed thy form so pretty, No veil, no sham array— Oh sleep, my pretty! Oh, sleep for aye!
When on thy lips in smiling Love opens like a flower, There vanish all beguiling Suspicious that did lower. Those smiles so true and pretty Thy faithful heart betray— Oh smile, my pretty! Oh, smile for aye!	When thou avow'st "I love thee," My beauty, then I ween, The heav'n itself above me Opens its azure screen. Thy glances beam so pretty From sparkling love's clear spray— Oh love, my pretty! Oh, love for aye!
When calm and pure thou sleepest In shade beneath my eyes; Thy breath exhales the deepest Words full of harmonies.	Seest thou our life entired Four little words enclose, All blessings thou desirest, All blessings and no woes. All that serves for beguiling, All charms below, above:— Singing and smiling, Sleeping and love!

"KNOCKING AT A DOOR."

[Dated Marine Terrace, Hugo's Channel Island Exile, Sept, 4th, 1855.]

I've lost my father, lost my mother, My firstborn, ah, so young! What woe! For me all nature seemed to smother Each joyward throe.	Bright purple with dull ashes blending, Ashes for me!
Between two brothers was I sleeping, Three little birds, were all three "dots;" Then came the shade of two biers creeping Athwart two cots.	I've known of Thought the ardors soaring, I've sung of love the somber lays; The fleeing wings and billows roaring, The winds and days.
Next lost I thee, my girl, my flower, Thee, who didst fill my boldest pride; Fate of my light that now dost glower Close to Death's side.	I've on my head the vultures gnawing, I see my efforts shunned with scorn; Dust at my feet, my heart blood-drawing, For crown, the thorn.
I've known ascending, known descending, Seen Dawn and Dusk like shadows flee;	Tears in my pensive eyes are welling, My tattered robe 's from unskilled loom; But no rents on my conscience telling— Then open, tomb!

THE CONTRIBUTOR.

JUNIUS F. WELLS, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, FEBRUARY, 1891.

A MUSICAL AWAKENING.

FEW people in the whole world have so general an appreciation of good music as the people of these valleys. They teach it in the church, the theatre, the public school, and at the fireside. The results of this popular education have been shown in the presentation of operas—comic and grand, cantatas and oratorios, with such care and fidelity, as to place the local companies in advance of many of the great traveling combinations. Just now a new enthusiasm is showing itself among our musical leaders, greatly accelerating the interest, and which can only result in greater triumphs, and in extending the limits of favor.

The Salt Lake Choral Society, under Prof. Evan Stephens is making rapid headway and doing much to educate the popular taste. In giving the first musical festival in this region last year, the society earned its present name and secured the good will of all who were fortunate enough to witness those entertainments. It is understood that great preparations are being made for another May Festival this year. Correspondence is being had with some of the greatest artists in the world looking to their presence here on that occasion; and should these efforts be successful the people will have reason to feel proud of the society and its laudable undertaking.

The Tabernacle Choir also is singing its way into public favor. Its numbers are greatly increased and an enthusiastic awakening to its capabilities has taken place. The divine singing of this great choir and the performance of Prof. Daynes on the great organ are beginning to be appreciated, and there is no reason why the choir should not be what its worthy leader desires—"the best in the world."

The substantial encouragement given by the Church authorities to the Choir

and to its sister, the Choral Society show that they desire to raise the already high standard of excellence attained by these organizations.

The premiums offered by the General Superintendency of the Y. M. M. I. A., and the CONTRIBUTOR for the encouragement of singing in the associations are also creating great interest and preparations are being made to carry off the prizes.

The Ladies Musical Society, though operating in an entirely different sphere—that of individual work—has done much to elevate the musical taste and deserves great praise for its labors.

These and kindred societies in other parts of the Territory, too numerous to mention are fast earning for us in the musical world, a name enviable and lasting.

This musical awakening has our sympathy, and our columns are ever ready to promote the general musical interests of the Territory. Let the hills resound with song and the dales be filled with melody. Unite in one great effort, and let us see Utah famed above all other places for musical accomplishments.

Bishop John F. Hurst contributes to the February number of *Harper's Magazine* an interesting paper on "English Writers in India," embracing notes and anecdotes of Sir Philip Francis, Lord Macaulay, W. M. Thackeray, and other distinguished Englishmen who lived for a time in British India. The paper will be richly illustrated.

"Equatorial Africa, and the Land of the Dwarfs," by Paul Du Chaillu, revives interest in that author's stories of the wonderland of our childhood. The "Gorilla Country," and others of Mr. Du Chaillu's juvenile books have been the Christmas presents of more children in the west than almost any other works that Harper & Brothers have published.

The passage by the House of Representatives of the International Copyright bill, a few days ago, was an event of

great importance. It will now become law, and the struggles of nearly fifty years, by those who have felt the shame of pirating the best thought and often the life time labor of European authors will be crowned with victory. Though so long coming, it is the sign of a good heart and awakened conscience that this sentiment of justice has at length prevailed. The objection to granting the protection of copyright to foreign authors has been sustained by the mistaken belief that the piracy of their writings was essential to cheap literature in our own country. If this had been true it would be infamous to take advantage of it; but as it is not, it becomes not only infamous but ridiculous to persist in a course of injustice to the writers of other nations. We are glad that our nation has reached the end of that course.

Rosa Bonheur, the greatest animal painter of her time, is sixty-seven years old, yet she says she has still enough work in her mind to fill two life-times. In 1850 she bought an old house in the little village of By, on the banks of

the Seine, not far from the forest of Fontainebleau. There she has lived and worked ever since. She has added stables and a studio to her house. In the stables and grounds she has had from time to time a veritable menagerie of animals, including lions, chamois, bears, gazelles, and an elk. It is refreshing to read that her studio contains not an article of bric-a-brac and scarcely anything that is not needed in the work of the greatest artist. No kickshaws and no trash. She has been always an early riser. She says the morning is the best time for work. Her animals are also more docile. She spends much time outdoors, walking or riding in a carriage which she herself drives, thus receiving vigor and strength for her arduous labors. At work and outdoors she wears a man's clothing, with a peasant blouse. Her life has been devoted to her art pure and simple, and rich has been her reward. There are some wrinkles in her face now, but neither her marvelous mental nor physical powers are weakened one whit. Her enthusiasm keeps her always young.

ATHIRST IN THE DESERT.

Now and then we read that some poor fellow has been found in the desert dead from thirst; sometimes his bones alone remain, but oftener his body also is found, shriveled to a mummy by the dry heat of those dreary wastes. In southern Arizona and California men have perished in the desert with not more than a single day's exposure; but as a rule, though not always, such cases are those of men addicted to the use—or abuse—of spirituous liquors. Their whole lives have been a contest between nature and the poisonous drinks they have swallowed; and when comes the supreme test of their endurance, their vitality quickly yields before the fierce onslaught of thirst and heat.

Where men have thus died with but a short deprivation of water, it is not simple thirst alone that kills, nor the extreme heat of the sun; for it is possible to live

several days without water, and to endure an intense heat without injury. But when to these dangers is added one of those dry, scorching winds that blow once in a while from the fearful Colorado desert—a wind that seems like a blast from a furnace and almost scorches the face and causes the lips to crack open and bleed—then is to be pitied the poor fellow in the desert without water, for he is in a dangerous predicament indeed! The hot, dry wind seems to absorb from his body all its moisture, and even to dry up his very blood, just as a piece of meat hung up for future use soon is dried throughout. So with the luckless wanderer; he begins to dry and shrivel while still alive; and after some hours of such exposure, even water in plenty has little power to quench his thirst. It is a thirst not only of mouth and throat, but the

whole body is athirst, and it requires time to fully satisfy its cravings.

Of course different persons show greater or less ability to withstand thirst; depending upon the state of health, the will power, the imagination, and the habits of temperance or intemperance. And besides all this, much depends upon how one conducts himself in such an emergency. If he is experienced in such matters he will be careful to keep his mouth closed and breathe only through the nostrils; much less will he talk; and so by keeping the hot air from his mouth prevent his tongue from becoming dry and swollen. A couple of small pebbles in the mouth helps to keep it moist just as the Mexican, for a similar reason wraps a strip of copper loosely round his horse's bitt and so enables him to go longer without water.

But after a while, as the moisture is drawn more and more from his body, all such aids fail and he begins to suffer indeed. And now is shown the force of will power and imagination operating for or against him. If he is one who gives up easily—if, as he notes his failing strength, he despairingly thinks of the many miles between him and water and gives his gloomy imagination full sway, he will almost surely die. He will surely exhaust his powers by an unwise course, whereas, if he can control himself his chance for life is much better. And if, in addition to a brave heart he has faith in God and is a true Latter-day Saint, he has a much greater chance for preservation; for today, as in ages gone by, there is power in prayer to him who has faith.

The writer is familiar with the experiences of several who have been almost dead from thirst, and their thoughts and feelings while hovering between earth and paradise in a half conscious state were much alike. They did not suffer then from thirst, but lay upon the ground—half awake—half a dream—happy and contented seeing green fields and waving meadows—cool springs and crystal streams—but always dreaming about water in some form. One, who had been much in Mexico, could see, in his hazy dream, Mexican women passing about

him with their water jars upon their heads, just as he had seen them in reality many times in that country. Another, who had been a great fisherman most of his life, could see broad rivers and beautiful lakes near by, but always beyond his reach. And so, in a sleepy sort of content they gradually faded into unconsciousness, from which, had they not been rescued, they would never again have awakened—at least in this life.

In many respects death by thirst and death by freezing seem much alike. In each case, as the hour of dissolution approaches, all sense of suffering is gone, and instead there remains a dreamy half consciousness and the only wish is to remain undisturbed.

The story of a friend who narrowly escaped death from thirst in the summer of 1889 in the region of the lower Gila River in Arizona, much interested me, and as it may others, I will give it as nearly as possible in the words of the narrator:

"It was on the 26th of July, 1889, that I started very early into the desert south of the Gila River, on a trip of discovery. I wanted to find the location for a water storage reservoir in a range of low mountains about twenty-five miles away, and in the cool of the morning did not realize how hot it would become in a few hours; and to crown my folly I took neither food nor water, depending upon my well tried powers of endurance, 'for,' said I to myself, 'it is nothing to go all day without something to eat or drink—I've done it scores of times.' But I had not done it in southern Arizona, and knew not the fearful power of the hot wind from the north-west—the simoon of the Colorado desert. It comes only once in a while, at uncertain periods which no one can foretell, and as yet I had never experienced the effects of one away from home. I had heard of men dying from its effects, but laughed at the idea as ridiculous; and now, unknowingly, I was about to test its baneful influence myself.

"I had reached the mountains early in the day, and attempted to cross a low rocky ridge to look at a little valley beyond, but after several hours of very arduous labor was unable to do so; and

had to return the way I had come, over its rocky precipitous summit. I could have done it alone, but could not lead my horse over it, though I nearly exhausted myself in my struggles with him in trying to accomplish it. By the time I had regained the foot of the ridge it was well towards night, and I found myself in sad need of water. I had perspired freely, and had not thought of any danger from thirst, and so had not observed my usual prudence. But by a thoughtless, happy chance I had plucked five or six cactus fruits, each about the size of a hen's egg and put them in my pocket. They did much to preserve my life, as I found afterwards. There are probably fifty varieties of cactus in Arizona, but this fruit I speak of grows upon the sahaura or giant cactus, which in the Gila region is often found forty to fifty feet in height, and weighing many tons. But as I rode by a small cactus about nine or ten feet high, I was able to reach up to its top and gather the fruit, which is egg shaped, with a thin rind containing a sweet pulp, in color exactly like the common red currant, with many small seeds in it.

There had been a heavy rain in the mountains a few days before, and I sought along the bed of an arroyo—or dry gulch—hoping to find a little pool somewhere still remaining, but in this I was sorely disappointed. The arroyo, though damp and muddy, contained no water. I dismounted and dug as deep a hole as I could with my hands and a flat stone, hoping some water would trickle in—no matter how muddy—but none appeared. I knew now my only chance was to get home as quickly as possible, and proceeded as fast as my poor horse, jaded, and as thirsty as I, was able to travel.

All this time the sun shone with a scorching heat, but, still worse, about eight o'clock the dreaded simoon had come, and had continued all day burning my face and hands and causing the skin to dry and crack open.

I had gone about five miles after trying to dig my well, and began to feel very faint and dizzy, and hardly able to keep my seat in the saddle. Coming to a large

palo verde tree I lay down in its scanty shade upon the sand hoping to regain my strength, but after lying thus a full hour and finding myself weaker instead of stronger I knew I must hasten homeward or be too late. With some difficulty I climbed into the saddle and started on again, and painfully rode five or six miles farther. Then I felt as if I must stop and rest, or fall from my horse by the wayside. Again I laid down upon the hot sand, beneath a palo verde, and then bethought me of my cactus fruit. I ate one or two, but felt almost unable to swallow and so desisted from trying to eat them. Here I lay about two hours, vainly hoping for an increase of strength, but growing weaker all the time. I knew now my full danger and thought of my poor horse tied up and perishing, and that I would let him go and shift for himself, thinking that if I remained out all night—the cool night—I might be revived enough by morning to make my way home. But on second thought I gave up this idea. I knew the horse would go home, and the people, finding him riderless, might hunt for me all night without avail, with much labor and anxiety for nothing.

“Several times I tried to rise, but was too weak, and soon began to feel as if I did not care to exert myself. I felt now comfortable enough, with no distressing sense of thirst, and lay in a hazy, misty, dreamy state impossible to describe, but quite pleasant. I sleepily wondered if any body would ever find me, and thought how my family would wait years, perhaps, before they would know what had become of me.

“Suddenly another memory came to me—of blessings and ordinations I had received, of promises made me and of work I should do, as yet all unfulfilled; and with these thoughts came a vehement desire to live and have this work performed and my blessings verified. I tried to rise, but could not. Then another remembrance came, of the power of faith and prayer. I prayed for strength to ride and mount my horse—for strength to rise until I should reach home. My prayer was answered, and I received strength

sufficient to rise and stand by my horse, holding with both hands to the saddle, but could not mount. But my faith was strengthened, and I again asked for help. It was immediately granted, and I slowly climbed into the saddle, determined to remain there until I should fall or reach a place of safety.

"And so, with the bridle hanging loose upon my horse's neck and with both hands holding to the saddle, I let my horse pick his way among the mesquite and palo verde trees, the chapparal brush and cactus, offering up now and again, petitions for life and strength. For now, with renewed strength came renewed desire for life. But oh, how long and endless seemed each weary mile, and many times it seemed as if I must give up; but after what seemed an age I saw the tall cottonwoods which I knew betokened help and safety—but so far—so very far away! Four miles! I knew the distance, but could I endure so long as an hour and a half to reach it?

"The welcome sight gave me new strength and courage, and ability to ride to my journey's end, where, partly dismounting, partly falling, I found myself

in friendly hands, who labored through the night to help me. They said I was crazed all night, and begged for water—water—water, which they as often gave me, but in small quantity, and placed wet cloths upon my body that it might drink in by its pores the precious element—so precious, but by most so unappreciated! In a few days I was all right again, and then began a storm of friendly abuse and chaff for my misadventure—my foolhardiness in going out without water: 'Why,' said they, 'any fool might know better than that,' and I guess they told the truth. But I learned some good things by it. I learned not to go 'very far away in the hot season, nor at any time without water; and still better I learned that the Lord is very merciful and will hear our cry when we ask Him in faith; and that since faith was so necessary, we should strive diligently to obtain it, for no one can tell when it may be needful to happiness and life. And so, I think it was not a day lost after all." And I, who pen his experience of that trying day fully agree with him.

J. H. Martineau.

 FAIRY MOONLIGHT.

FOR MALE VOICES.

SELECTED.

1. Hail to thee queen of the si - lent night, Shine clear, shine bright,
 2. Dart thy pure beams from thy throne on high, Beam on thro' sky,

Yield thy pensive light; Blithely we'll dance in the sil - ver ray,
 Robed in az - ure dye; We laugh and sport while the night - bird sings,

Hap - pi - ly passing the hours a - way. Must we not love the
 Flapping the dew from his sa - ble wings. Sprites love to sport in the

stilly night, Dressed in her robes of blue and white? Heav'n's arches ring,
 still moonlight, Play with the pearls of shadowy night, Then let us sing,

Stars wink and sing Hail si - lent night. Fairy moonlight, Fairy
 Time's on the wing Hail si - lent night. Fairy moonlight, etc.

moonlight, Fairy, fair - y, fair - y, fair - y moon - light, Fair - y
 moon - - - - - light,

Repeat ad lib.

moonlight, fairy moonlight, Fairy, fairy, fairy moon - light,
 moon - - - - - light.

ASSOCIATION INTELLIGENCE.

FOLLOWING the letter of appointment published in the second number of THE CONTRIBUTOR, for vol. XII. (December 1890), Elder Milton H. Hardy began his special educational mission on Sunday, December 6th, 1890, at Salem and Mapleton, in Utah County.

On Sunday, December 14th, held two general public meetings and an officers' meeting at Nephi, Juab County.

Monday, 15th, two meetings at Levan; and Tuesday, 16th, two meetings at Mona. Thence to Spring City, Sanpete County, on the 17th; Mount Pleasant on the 18th; Chester, 19th; Fairview, 20th; Ephraim and Manti on the 21st; Mayfield, 22nd; Gunnison, 23rd; Fayette, 24th; thence to Juab and Provo on the 25th.

At the Stake meetings the following subjects were presented and explained:

1. Organization—Stake Superintendency complete—operative.
 2. Records: *a* minutes; *b* reports; *c* finances.
 3. Circular letter from General Superintendency.
 4. Stake council meetings.
 5. Stake conferences: *a* annual or spring; *b* semi-annual or fall.
 6. Stake officers' meetings.
 7. Stake recreations.
 8. Officers' visits.
 9. THE CONTRIBUTOR: *a* as a reference book; *b* for general reading; *c* for sending to friends.
 10. Number of Associations in the Stake.
 11. Number of young men in the Stake.
 12. Number of members in the Associations.
 13. Number of sets of Y. M. M. I. A. Reading Course, first year.
 14. District Conferences.
 15. Intermissionary work (stake).
 16. Progressive programmed work or exercises.
 17. Section and subdivisional or special class-work.
 18. Stake music director.
 19. Music classes.
 20. Lecture bureau.
 21. Collections for cabinets.
 22. Statistician.
 23. Difficulties or obstacles.
- At the Ward meetings the following enumeration was presented. (The officers of the Associations especially are requested to note these headings for future reference.)
1. Organization—complete—operative.
 2. Number of young men in ward.
 3. Number of members.
 4. Records: *a* minutes; *b* roll; *c* reports or tabular exhibits; *d* finances.
 5. Annual meeting for sustaining officers early in autumn.
 6. Circular letter from General Superintendency.
 7. Weekly class-meeting.
 8. Programmed work.
 9. Progressive programme from *a* analyses published; *b* M. I. A. Course of Reading; *c* sections or special classes.
 10. Home reading: *a* general; *b* with reference to progressive or educational programme.
 11. Number of CONTRIBUTORS: *a* as reference books; *b* as general reading; *c* sent to friends.
 12. Number sets M. I. A. Reading Course, first year.
 13. Section work (see 9), advanced or special classes in *a* theology; *b* history; *c* science; *d* literature, with reference to regular course.
 14. Joint council meetings.
 15. Monthly joint sessions.
 16. Recreations: 1. Indoor; *a* the concert, *b* the ball room; *c* the drama; *d* the social gathering. 2. Outdoor.
 17. Libraries and reading rooms.
 18. Lectures.
 19. Statistics and collections for study.
 20. Music classes.
 21. Attendance at stake officers' meetings.
 22. Attendance at district officers' meetings.
 23. Reviews.
 24. Obstacles.

March--April--May

Are months when Ayer's Sarsaparilla proves especially beneficial. The free use of animal food during winter, while living in over-heated, ill-ventilated rooms, and taking insufficient out-door exercise, tends to load the blood with impurities, which manifest themselves in liver complaint, bilious disturbances, *that tired feeling*, eruptions, and various other disorders. Ayer's Sarsaparilla, being a powerful and highly-concentrated alternative, is the most effective and economical spring medicine ever prepared. Take it yourself and give it to your children.

"For several years, in the spring months, I used to be troubled with a drowsy, tired feeling, and a dull pain in the small of my back, so bad, at times, as to prevent my being able to walk, the least sudden motion causing me severe distress. Frequently, boils and rashes would break out on various parts of the body. By the advice of friends and my family physician, I began the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla and continued it till the poison in my blood was thoroughly eradicated."—Luther W. English, Montgomery City, Mo.

"I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla as a remedy for the various diseases common to the spring time, and also as a tonic for the system. I find it to be very efficacious, and think that every one who is troubled with impurities of the blood should try Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I am sure it has no equal as a blood-purifier."—C. E. Jaquith, Nashua, N. H.

"Every spring for the last nine years I have been in the habit of taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and I can truly say that I never used any medicine that did me so much good. I am convinced that it is the best medicine of the kind in the market, and recommend it to all who are in need of a reliable and effective blood-purifier."—J. A. Shepard, Proprietor of "Shepard's Paragon Varnish," 246 Pearl st., New York city.

"My wife always uses Ayer's Sarsaparilla as a spring medicine, and with wonderfully good results."—J. L. Minty, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

"I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla with great benefit, as a spring medicine and purifier of the blood, and would not willingly be without it."—Mrs. S. H. Pray, E. Boston, Mass.

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